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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. ON
e Social Security Mess
—see page 182

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Strategy For The Removal Of FIDEL CASTRO?

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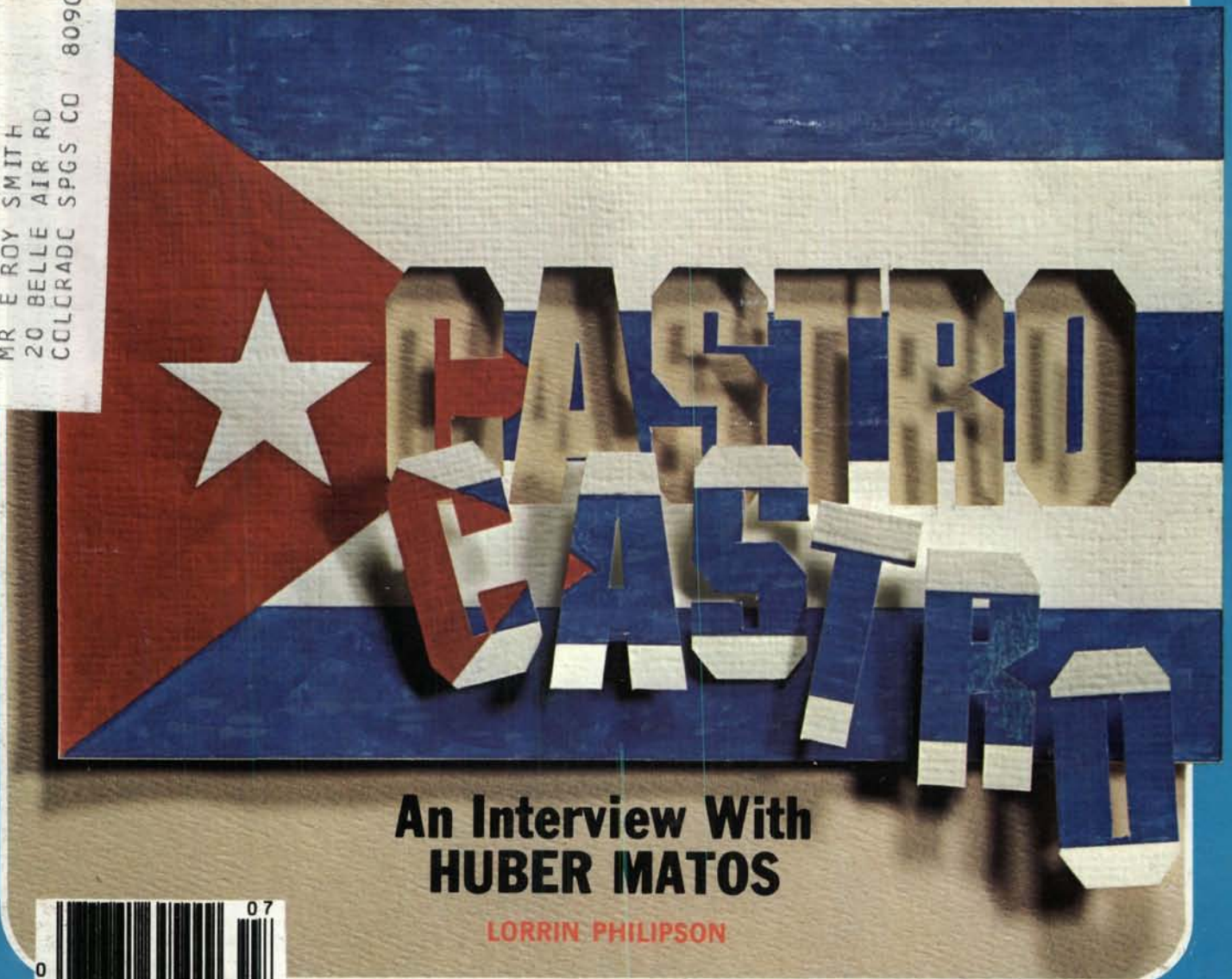

An Interview With HUBER MATOS

LORRIN PHILIPSON

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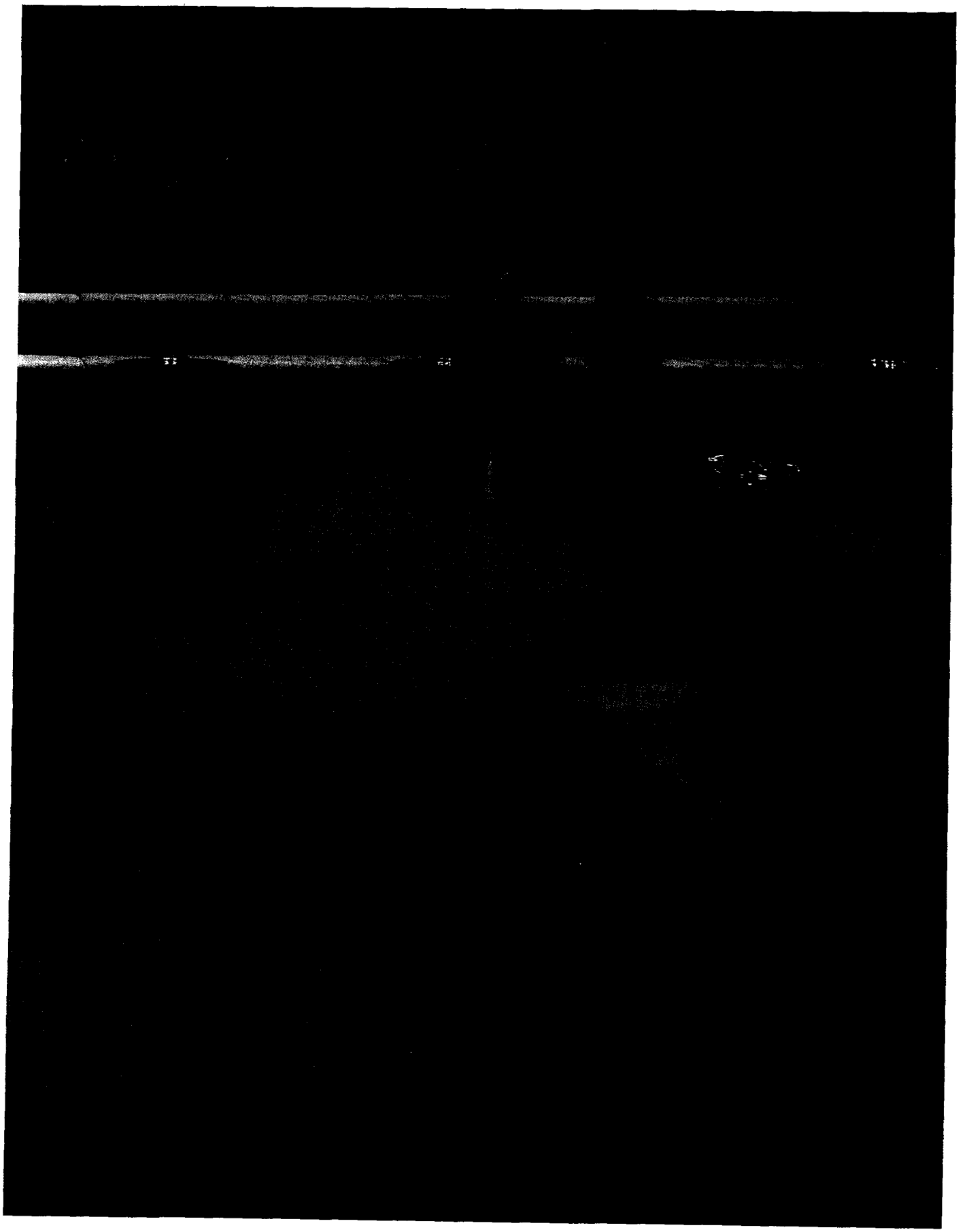

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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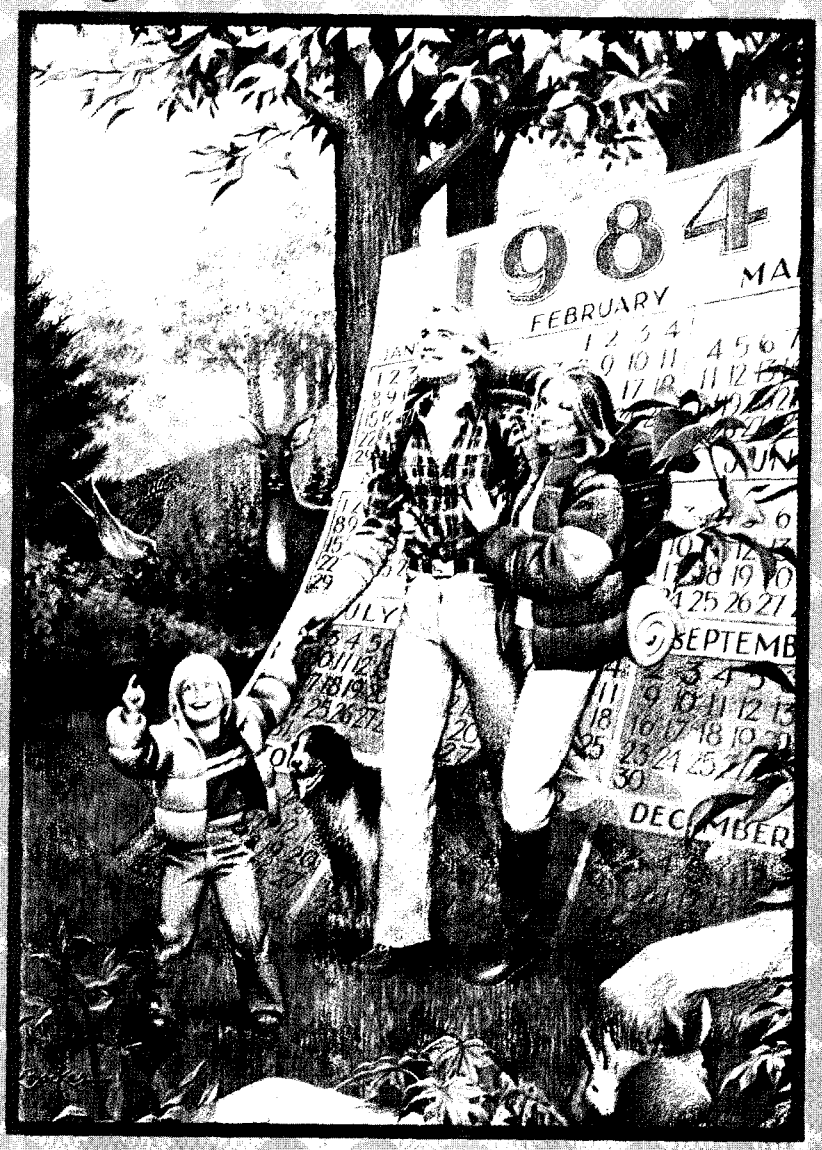

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Letters

Right Hand, Left Hand

Elizabeth Whelan's article, "The Charge of the Cancer Brigade" [Feb. 6], describes well the hazing of fact that occurs when bureaucracy and science meet. An instance similar to the one Dr. Whelan describes immediately springs to mind. For even while the right hand of government is overzealously protecting us from industrial substances not yet proven to be harmful, the left hand is forbidding the use of heroin as a painkiller for terminally ill cancer patients who can no longer be eased by morphine. A bill to authorize such use of heroin has been introduced in the House by Congressman Edward Madigan. English doctors have documented their experience with heroin as a more humane and efficient painkiller than morphine (morphine injections can be very painful). Meanwhile, doctors at the National Institute of Health are amassing evidence to show that it just isn't so. The mind boggles.

Carole Firs
New York, N.Y.

A Good Likeness

Just a note to tell you how much I liked your reprint from *L'Express* about Lech Walesa ["Lech Walesa: Man of the Year," Jan. 23].

It captures the essence of that fantastic worker/leader in Poland better than anything which has been written by the multitude of American reporters who have covered the rise of the Solidarity union. Our writers often fail to capture the profound subtleties of what is happening in Poland and tend to paint everything in good-guys-versus-bad-guys oversimplicities.

I hope you will now assign somebody to do the same treatment of the J. P. Stevens workers. I fear you won't—but I'm still grateful for small favors and there is always hope. The Lech Walesa portrait is excellent.

Frank Wallick
Editor, UAW Washington Report
Washington, D.C.

The Free Market vs. WFB

Thank you for your indulgence and grace in printing my article ["The Fifty-Cent Tax on Gasoline," Oct. 31], which was critical of the Anderson-Buckley (A-B) proposal for a 50¢-a-gallon gas tax. I must, however, clarify briefly some of the economic facts and correct some of Mr. Buckley's economic analysis.

1. My article dealt only with the issue of conservation. It proved that the free market conserves all resources more economically by means of the price system than any government can by means of tax policy. This principle holds true no matter how the price of the resource to be conserved is determined.

2. Fact: The price of oil, while subject in some measure to OPEC forces, *is* largely determined in the free market. Another fact: The real price of gasoline at the pump —the money price adjusted for the (inflationary) decline in the general purchasing power of the dollar—did not rise until early 1979 over its value in 1967; that is, until the restrictive Carter policies affecting domestic oil production finally bore fruit.

3. Mr. Buckley's "Comment" treats U.S. imports of oil as if we were paying for the oil with our capital structure. This view is both false and misleading. We pay for oil imports with exports of other products and services. At least so long as Carterian policies were hamstringing our domestic energy industry, this course was the most efficient one open to us. Several national economies import *all* of their petroleum products (Germany and Japan, most notably). Yet their capital structure and real output are growing rapidly.

4. An element Mr. Buckley overlooked in his discussion is the adverse effect on overall production that would result from the A-B tax. Petroleum is not only a consumer good; it is also a production resource. The reduction in oil imports effected by this tax might well result in U.S. productivity declines of even *greater* magnitude. This would be spiteful but not economic.

R. H. Timberlake Jr.
Professor of Finance
University of Georgia
Athens, Ga.

The Red and the Black

NR was rather flip in its comment on the Supreme Court's ruling against a Kentucky law requiring posting of the Decalogue in public-school classrooms ["The Week," Dec. 31]. After the law was passed, the state found that Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish leaders could not agree on a common wording or even numbering of the Commandments. Should the state, then, be allowed to settle a theological controversy, to impose on all children an "official" version of the Commandments, to usurp the role of church, synagogue, and family?

NR also urged President Reagan to ask Congress for a bill to aid non-public schools through tuition-reimbursement tax credits. Should the Supreme Court rulings against the plan be set aside so lightly, ad-

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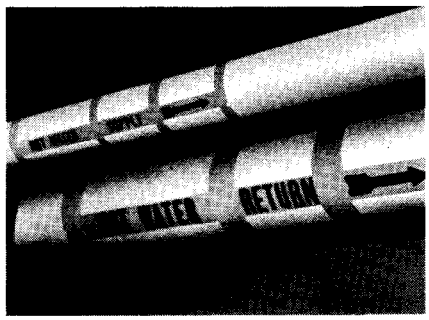

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verse public opinion so flouted, government support so placed behind the creedal and other forms of discrimination common in non-public but forbidden in public schools, the government so thrust into the position of regulating the private religious institutions it would be supporting?

Have we all forgotten the late Cardinal Cushing's wise judgment that religion thrives so well in our country at least in part because we have church-state separation?

Edd Doerr
Silver Spring, Md.

Plaintiff Plea

I think Mr. Buckley's suggestion ["On the Right," Jan. 23] to remove from the federal courts jurisdiction over the racial composition of the schools is excellent. But there are a couple of changes I urge you to consider.

In the proposed legislation, I believe the exception (namely, where there is evidence of segregation by civil authority) should be limited to an action by the United States as plaintiff, hereafter brought by the U.S. Attorney General by direction of the President. Otherwise the exception would leave an opening for so-called public-interest groups to litigate as before, inventing ingeniously broad interpretations of the exception.

I question the need for the proposed constitutional amendment. The legislation by itself, with an appropriate preamble, would make the message clear.

The incredible burgeoning of federal court meddling in local school affairs and governance has not been limited to school busing. See, for example, a recent lengthy federal appellate court decision published in the November 24, 1980 *New York Law Journal*. It held that an upstate New York high school principal did not violate the U.S. Constitution by refusing to let some students use a classroom for voluntary prayer meetings before the start of the school day. Of course that was the right conclusion, though it shouldn't have needed more than one short sentence dismissing the case for want of any issue for a federal court. But the decision went on to say, believe it or not, that it would have been unconstitutional to grant the students permission.

William Wemple
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Isle of Spice

Having traveled extensively in the Caribbean, and lived in Grenada at the time of the revolution, I must thank you for the astute observations and critical comments of Richard Buel ["Cold War in a Hot Country," Nov. 14].

It is a tragedy that the U.S. failed to recognize an ally in the old regime, and now must wait with bated breath as the future of this key to the Caribbean un-

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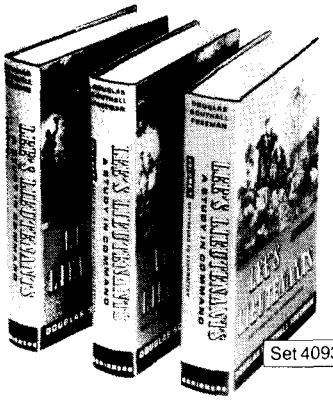

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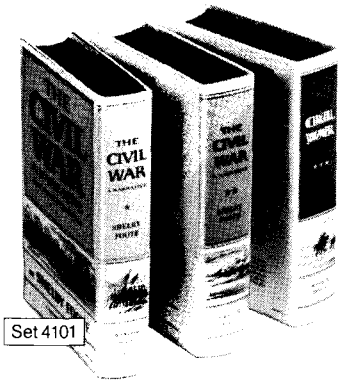

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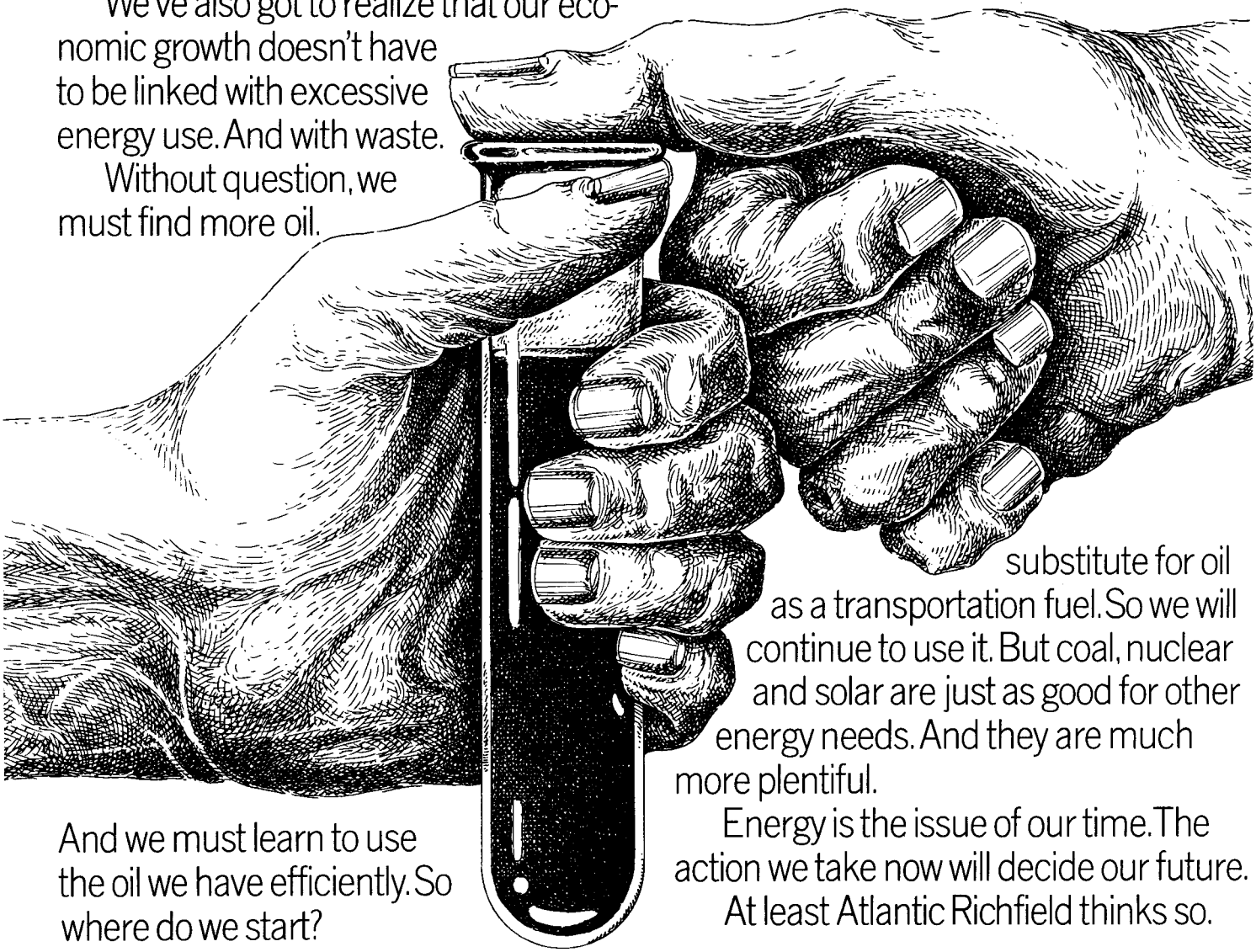

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Even so, the most forceful domestic program won't be enough to meet the coming demand.

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Smaller cars help. So do mileage standards. And we're getting there. But we still have a long way to go.

Right now, there's no economical substitute for oil as a transportation fuel. So we will continue to use it. But coal, nuclear and solar are just as good for other energy needs. And they are much more plentiful.

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There are no easy answers.

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folds. Those of us who love the Isle of Spice and are concerned for the welfare of her people as well as ourselves would like very much to hear again from Mr. Buel on this subject.

F. Jennifer Gill
Brookline, Mass.

Both Sides Now

I was glad to see Tom Bethell, in his lucid explanation of supply-side economics ["The Death of Keynes: Supply-Side Economics," Dec. 31], raise the question of cutting spending as well as cutting taxes.

I have been struck by the fact that many conservative legislators are saying, for admittedly political reasons: No! We don't have to cut spending programs. With a Kemp-Roth tax cut we can have *both* lower tax rates *and* higher spending.

But Ronald Reagan's message to the electorate was: "Get government off the backs of the people." He doesn't just mean, Let government take less of the people's money—although that's an important part of it. He also means that he wants government to stop interfering in the purviews of the private citizen and the voluntary group, and—more particularly—he wants the Federal Government to stop interfering in the purviews of state and local governments, which are more in touch with specific regional conditions.

Reagan made this message explicit; and the electorate bought it. I'm glad. I want lower taxes; but I want less government too.

Bob Tilliard
Mt. Auburn, Mass.

That Ol' Religion

May an intellectual, economic, political, and philosophical nonentity add his congratulations on your 25th Anniversary?

Having been a conservative since my coming of age in the early 1930s, I have for so long despaired of ever being at ease in contemporary society, that when I chanced upon an over-aged edition of NATIONAL REVIEW four years ago—my mind almost refused to accept what my eyes beheld. Believe me it's been a great four years.

If the resurgent conservative movement could be likened unto a religious movement, it would have as its Moses, Ronald Reagan; its prophets, George Will and Milton Friedman; and its bible, NATIONAL REVIEW. Congratulations.

C. Donald Brown
Perry, Me.

Pull for Prime

On my way into work the other day I read that NATIONAL REVIEW is celebrating its 25th year. It came as quite a shock to me, not because the magazine is still in existence but because it made me realize how old I'm getting. Congratulations!

Edward J. Brady
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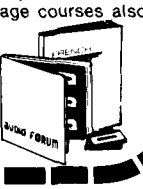

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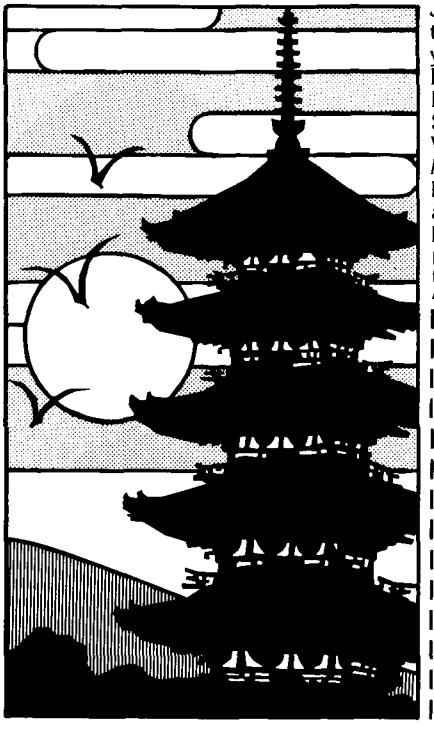

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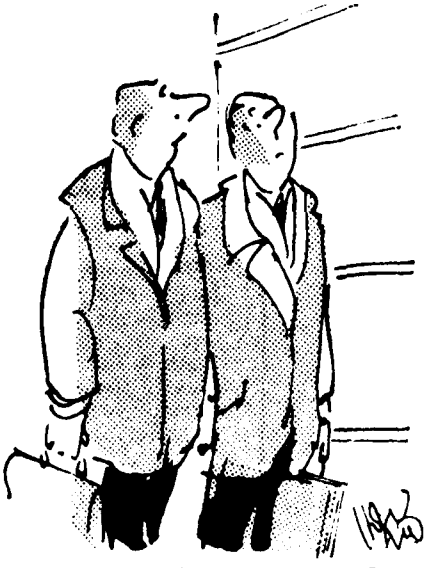
FOR THE RECORD

■ Capitol Hill Democrats are pleased by the attention they're getting from Mr. **Reagan** and his congressional liaison, **Max L. Friedersdorf**. By time of first congressional break, Friedersdorf expects Reagan to have met entire Senate membership and most members of the major money committees in House. . . . Rep. **Dan Rostenkowski** (D., Ill.), Chairman of House Ways and Means Committee, said after first meeting with Reagan: "He's a warm guy—and he's smart. He listened and I talked. I told him I hoped to be able to come back in two years and say the House Democrats had given him more support than the Republicans—and I think we will." . . . Rostenkowski's hopes will soon be tested, with leaking of Office of Management and Budget's proposed targets for budget cuts. OMB, under **David Stockman**, calls for cuts in the expected places (**public-service jobs, Medicaid, food stamps**) as well as in sacred cows (**Farmers Home Administration, Tennessee Valley Authority, National Endowments for Arts and Humanities**). Among the programs heavily cut: Carter Administration's huge **synthetic fuel program**. . . . House Democrats are looking forward to Administration request to raise **federal debt limit** $50 billion, to $985 billion. Last June, House Republicans voted 154 to 10 against boost in debt limit and attacked Democrats who supported it as big spenders. When Stockman was in House, Democrats recall, he always voted against such bills. Stockman responds: "I voted against those debt-ceiling bills because I had no confidence anybody was developing a plan to control spending. I have confidence that such a plan is now being developed because I am writing it."

■ The Reagan Cabinet is now complete with Senate approval of **Raymond J. Donovan** as Secretary of Labor. In the floor debate over his appointment, Donovan drew most nay votes of any Cabinet choice. . . . One of Reagan's most popular appointments so far is selection of **Ernest Lefever** as assistant secretary for human rights in State Department. Lefever, head of Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, will replace **Patricia Derian**, which explains some of the joy. . . . **Annelise G. Anderson** has been named associate director for economics and government in Office of Management and Budget, haven of supply-siders. She is wife of White House domestic policy advisor **Martin Anderson**, who is reported to be cool to supply-side theories. . . . **James L. Buckley** will go to Washington, not as senator from Connecticut but as under secretary of state for coordination of security assistance programs. . . . Credit **Walter J. Stoessel Jr.**, ambassador to West Germany appointed under secretary of state for political affairs, for ending special treatment for Soviet Ambassador **Dobrynin**. Dobrynin's limo can no longer use private entrance to State.



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"As regards inflation, if there is any light at the end of the tunnel, it's certainly not electric."

■ New Right's patience with Reagan is already exhausted. "We knew we would get the short end of the stick," New Right direct-mail wizard **Richard Viguerie** told *Wall Street Journal*. "We just didn't know the stick would be this short"—reflecting New Right displeasure with appointments of **Donald Regan** at Treasury, **Caspar Weinberger** at Defense, and **Alexander Haig** at State. . . . Conservative Caucus head **Howard Phillips** said: "It's **Gerald Ford** revisited. So far it appears that Main Street won the election, but Wall Street is running the country." . . . Taking a cue from New Right, former Sen. **George McGovern** has announced he will become chairman of new "public-interest" group called Americans for Common Sense. Using direct-mail techniques developed by New Right, McGovern says his outfit will "become an issue-oriented counterforce to the threat from the New Right." . . . Led by **Dennis DeConcini** (Ariz.) and **David Boren** (Okla.), some Senate Democrats have launched move to get party back toward center. Move, says Boren, is "definitely not a challenge to the leadership," but rather an attempt "to move our party back into the mainstream of American politics." Attending first meeting, in addition to Boren and DeConcini: **Johnston** (La.), **Nunn** (Ga.), **Chiles** (Fla.), **Exon** (Neb.), **Zorinsky** (Neb.), **Heflin** (Ala.), **Pryor** (Ark.).

■ Compliment of the week: Announcing his intention to go after Sen. **Hayakawa**'s seat in 1982, Rep. **Pete McCloskey** said: "He's like an oracle, and I respect him. When he's awake he's like a breath of fresh air."

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We still say:

Why tax capital gains when America needs more capital for new jobs?

The capital gains tax is stifling investment and killing incentive. Never has there been more convincing evidence.

Over two years ago, Congress realized that investment incentives were needed to stimulate capital formation and employment. So it reduced the maximum capital gains tax rate from 49% to 28%.

That was a step in the right direction. But it's still not enough:

The Total Real Return on a 100% Profit After Capital Gains Taxes*

	Under Previous 49% Capital Gains Tax	Under Current 28% Capital Gains Tax	Under a 17% Capital Gains Tax
INFLATION RATES			
1) 2.3% (1960s)	28.2%	46.0%	55.4%
2) 7.1% (1970s)	(7.9)	5.0	11.7
3) 14.0% (1980s est.)	(41.2)	(33.0)	(28.8)
4) 10.0% (?)	(24.0)	(13.4)	(7.9)

*Investment held 7.2 years.

Take a close look at line 3 in the chart above. It shows what happens to an investor who doubles his money in 7.2 years (the average holding period for stocks).

As you can see, at a 14% inflation rate, the investor would experience a *real loss of 33%* under current tax laws.

Now suppose inflation were to drop to 10% (as we all hope it will). Line 4 of the chart shows that our investor would still have a *13% real loss* after taxes.

And even if the maximum capital gains tax rate were reduced to 17%, the capital gains tax would still confiscate all the investor's profits, and then some.

Clearly the tax must be eliminated.

Capital gains taxes are especially damaging to the growth of small business and the generation of new jobs. Between 1969 and 1976, over 80% of all new jobs were created by companies with less than 100 employees.

With small businesses accounting for most of America's new jobs, we can't afford a tax that stops investment in small business. And this has happened, as follows:

Equity Capital Raised by Companies Having a Net Worth Under $5 Million

	Maximum Capital Gains Tax Rate	Number of Stock Offerings	Funds Raised in Constant 1980 Dollars ($ MILLIONS)
1) 1969	25%	698	$2,869.5
2) 1975	49%	4	23.2
3) 1977	49%	13	54.8
4) 1979	28%	46	201.1
5) 1980 (10 Mos.)	28%	89	469.0

As you can see, when the capital gains tax was raised from 25% to 49%, there was a staggering decrease in new stock offerings. And, when the tax was lowered in 1979, that trend reversed, and the number of new offerings (and new jobs) began to grow – just as expected.

But on a constant dollar basis, we're still lagging far behind 1969 levels. And measured in current (or inflated) dollars, the effects of the capital gains tax are doubly burdensome.

It's time for Congress to again act in the interests of all of us. It's time to eliminate the tax that still stands in the way of capital formation, economic growth, and new jobs.

At W.R. Grace & Co., we urge you to write to the Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways & Means Committee and tell them to:

1. *Eliminate all taxes on capital gains.*
2. *Stop the unprecedented government deficit spending which has become a major source of inflation.*

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THE WEEK

■ Rumor has it that Andrew Young will run for mayor of Atlanta. Better visit the city now, before they start taking hostages.

■ Revenge against Iran over the kidnapping of our personnel may not be in the American character, as President Reagan has indicated. Nevertheless, no need exists to make life rosy for the kidnapping militants, and *NR* publisher William Rusher, in his capacity as columnist, has come up with an interesting idea. He notes that our intelligence agencies now know the identities of the militants at the embassy, and he asks, reasonably, "Why shouldn't our government publish those names, along with a solemn declaration that the individuals involved are enemies of the United States, to whom it shall henceforth be our policy to deny, and ask others to deny, all common courtesies?" Lest that seem mild, Rusher elaborates. Such militants, students or otherwise, are likely to desire at some time a visa or a loan, or some other privilege—say, admission to a Western university. "Being publicly on Uncle Sam's hit list may sound like fun at first, but over the course of a lifetime it could prove quite a drag." Rusher thinks that such long-term penalties could prove to be one deterrent to future kidnappers.

■ In the January *Commentary* Norman Podhoretz made an observation that deserves to be marked. The "new American majority" that has coalesced around Ronald Reagan, he suggests, includes, at the margin, many liberals who will continue to *say* they oppose Reagan, but who will pull their punches even when they attack him. Why? Out of "a feeling, almost, of relief at the thought that now at least a line will be drawn to keep things from going even further than they have already gone. The liberal culture of recent years has been unable to draw any such line, even when in its heart of hearts it may have wanted to do so." Given its relativism about everything except its specialized notions of privacy and the First Amendment, how could it draw any lines on abortion, homosexuality, pornography? "Unable to do these things for itself, the liberal culture may not be altogether averse to having the dirty work done by others, while of course deploring and disclaiming any responsibility." Did we just see Tom Wicker wink?

■ Mayor Koch has infuriated every special-interest group in New York, but everybody else seems to love him. After three years as mayor of the world's most disgruntled citizens, he has racked up an approval rating of 62 per cent. William Honan of the *New York Times* recalls a scene where Koch, dedicating a Brooklyn shopping center, was heckled by a man in the crowd: "We want John Lindsay!" Koch replied to all present: "Everybody who wants John Lindsay back, raise their hand." A few hands went up. Roared Koch: "Dummies!" The crowd went wild. Fast, gabby, funny, and frank, Koch combines venerable liberal pieties with realism about taxes, crime, and services. Liberal pols take note: Hizzoner offers a useful role model for decorous defection from the fading frenzy of the Sixties and Seventies.

■ "Measured by the health of its people, the Soviet Union is no longer a developed nation." So says Nick Eberstadt, in a long, reflective essay in—gasp!—*The New York Review of Books*, not long ago a byword of chic radicalism. Commenting on a new study by two Western demographers, Christopher Davis and Murray Feshbach, Eberstadt notes that infant mortality is more than three times as high in the USSR as in the U.S. and free Europe, abortions exceed live births by at least 2.5 to 1, life expectancy has *dropped* since the Fifties, and per-capita alcohol consumption is *at least* five times what it was when Stalin died. As for the future, the whole Soviet economy is in decline, a situation that can only worsen with fewer 15-year-olds than 25-year-olds to supply the labor force (the state is now encouraging women to bear illegitimate babies rather than none at all). "This is not," concludes Eberstadt, "a situation which can be muddled through." Prognosis: Crisis, with international repercussions. Datum for further meditation: The Stalin era is popularly recalled in the USSR as a time of high morale.

■ The facts in the case of Kim Dae-jung are murky; the chronology of President Chun's handling of it is clear enough. Months of threats by Japan and febrile hectoring by the Carter Administration seemed, if anything, to have stiffened his resolve to carry out the death sentence against Kim. The incoming Reagan Administration, while simultaneously making clear that, as a general policy, it intended to place a concern over "human rights" within a framework that also stressed U.S. strength and cooperation with our allies, made a couple of firm but tactful statements (what it may have said in private, we do not know—but that is part of the point), and quietly issued an invitation to Chun to pay a state visit to Washington. Chun accepted the invitation, and commuted the sentence. Obviously Chun—and our other allies—would not simply take orders from Reagan. But then, an Administration with such a clear sense of *how* to ask will

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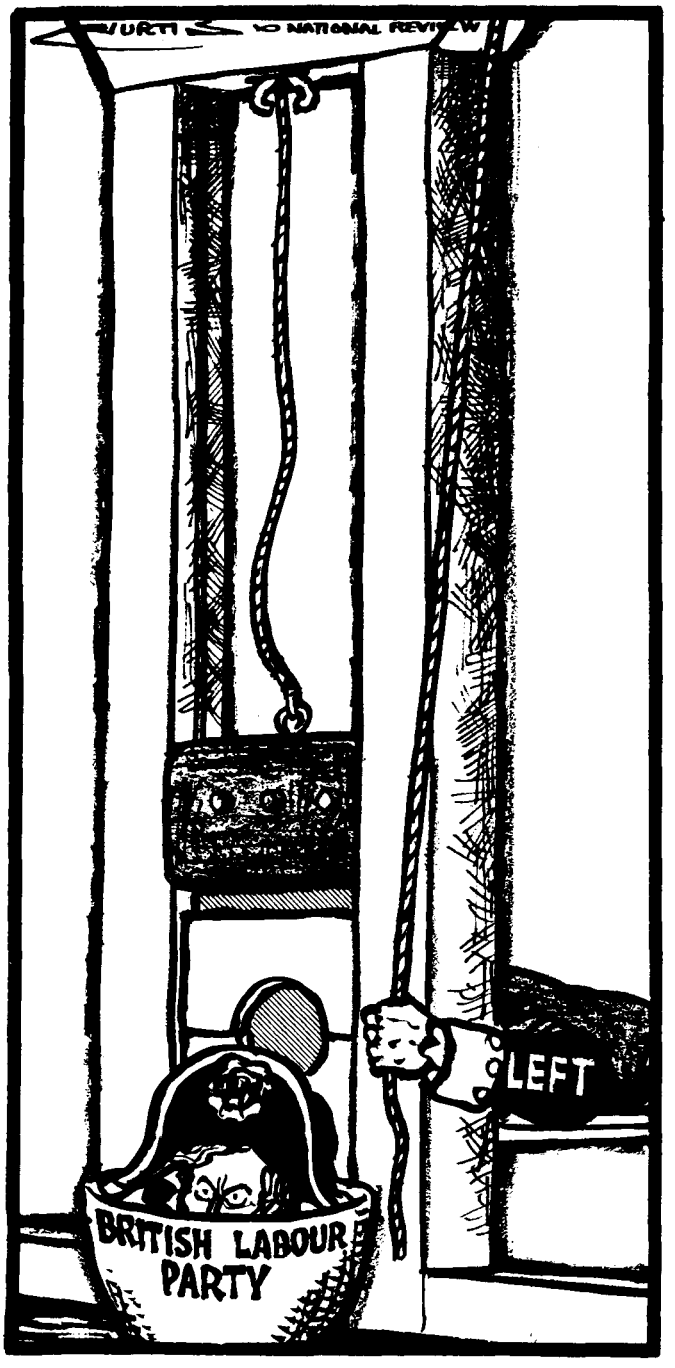

probably know *what* it can productively ask as well. All in all, a pleasant visit; a cheerful portent for us and our allies.

■ Armed conflict over Angola's future carries on. UNITA's ten-thousand-strong force, while continuing substantial resistance to thrice that many Cuban troops propping up the Soviet-client regime ensconced in the capital, could be doing much better if adequately munitioned. Such is the gist of a *New Republic* piece by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Michael Ledeen based on observations on the scene and an interview with Jonas Savimbi, resistance chief—who is expressly hopeful of a better shake from the U.S. under the Reagan Administration. The article coincides with the fifth anniversary of the U.S. Congress's proscription of supply assistance to UNITA, an action described at the time by President Ford as "deep tragedy." Twenty-nine of the 54 members who voted for the proscription in the Senate, where the action originated, have since been displaced—most of them by defeat—and the cumulative shift of strength on such issues is estimated at twenty votes. In the House —323 voted for the ban there—the shift is probably less pronounced. On balance, the policy change hoped for by Savimbi appears a plausible one for the Reagan Administration to try for.

■ Good old Michael Harrington, the socialist, has tried to restore our perspective by writing in the *New York Times* that "if we are talking about morality, Americans cannot be allowed to forget our national complicity in acts much more reprehensible than those so wrongly perpetrated upon our fellow citizens." Right, Mike. Our inordinate fear of Nazism led us to join with any dictator who joined us in that fear, causing us to help prop up the barbarous Soviet regime. Gulag victims are *our* victims. Let's cut all our ties with socialists everywhere. Right, Mike?

■ Now it's official. According to a new reference book, *Who's Who in Modern History, 1860-1980*, by British historian Alan Palmer (just published here by Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Alger Hiss was "a symbolic figure to intellectuals and philistines alike, a latter-day American Dreyfus," whose detractors included Richard Nixon and "the Un-American Activities Committee of Senator McCarthy." According to the *Philistine's Guide to Modern Revisionism, 1945-1980*, the Senator and his alleged Committee belonged to different houses of Congress. We'd blush to tell you what it says about Hiss.

■ Princeton's irrepressible Richard Falk, who a couple of years ago told the world what a reasonable gentleman Khomeini was, has now reviewed the new Iran in *The Nation* (oops—did we just give away the ending?) and concludes that he wasn't far wrong the first time. For despite "hostile reporting" in which "the bad has been consistently exaggerated, the good ignored," things are pretty peachy over there. Oh, there have been a few floggings, and for a while "the Khomeini leadership seemed overly lax about democratic rights." (He's one laid-back Ayatollah, you know.) And yes, "policies adopted toward non-Persian minorities have also aroused concern." And, well, "it certainly is true that for the first time in decades many women are being made to conform to strict codes of dress, are not expected to play roles in public arenas, and are

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being denied a place in politics or education." Then too, "the Islamic Republic seems to have moved in a dangerously repressive direction, whether it be in relation to the Marxist ideas [*sic*] of the Left" and never mind the rest. Some might quibble about the "retention" of the 53 Americans ("52," Falk hastens to point out, "since the release of Richard Queen"). The economy-minded may note that "unemployment is high and rising." And the nation is at war. But, Professor Falk concludes brightly, "the Iranian revolution is probably now in a better position to move ahead constructively than at any time since its victory over the Shah."

■ Amid a bourgeoning conservative journalism, one new publication arrests our attention, largely because it is the child of a very bright young *NR* alumnus. *The Hillsdale Review*, edited by Gregory Wolfe, features the cultural and political criticism of conservatives, mostly youthful. Among the contributors our readers will recognize are George Gilder, Jeffrey Hart, Richard Brookhiser, and Joseph Sobran. Matters recently addressed include the metaphysics of capitalism, the Bauman scandal, the New Right, ERA, and the alleged pelagian origins of ultralibertarianism, concerning which latter issue *The Hillsdale Review* has admittedly beaten NATIONAL REVIEW to the punch. Subscription information can be obtained at the easy-to-remember address, 225 Hillsdale Street, Hillsdale, Michigan 49242.

■ SOMETHING'S UP DEPARTMENT. Last spring, Dartmouth College alumni rose up and elected a conservative trustee who had been nominated by petition to run against the official nominee. This spring, two more trustee seats fall vacant, and petitions are circulating for two more conservative nominees, Mr. Coleman Andrews of San Francisco and Mr. Malcolm Beard of Chicago. Meanwhile, undergraduates at Dartmouth have launched a new newspaper, the *Dartmouth Review*, a weekly, which is conservative, feisty, and flourishing. Today Dartmouth. Tomorrow the Ivy League. The day after tomorrow . . .

■ We confess to having noticed, on our way to the sports pages, or was it *on* the sports pages, the gaudy accounts of the Harris-Tarnower murder trial, though, unlike many observers, we see no reason to treat it as feminist melodrama. The dead diet doctor, so far from considering women unequal, was clearly the type who considered everyone unequal to himself; while his depressed lover just as clearly considered herself equal to no one. They were that most perfect kind of couple, a victimizer and a victim. Let the jury decide Mrs. Harris's innocence or guilt, and put the sociologizing on hold.

■ Journalist William Shawcross, the guy who blames Nixon and Kissinger for all those dead Cambodians (to the *immense* relief of Anthony Lewis), has found a new villain: no, not Pol Pot, dummy—George Will. George wrote a column saying he didn't think it was all that wicked for a journalist to have friends in high places, such as the Oval Office. And Shawcross leaped to the Op-Ed page of George's paper, the *Washington Post*, to sniff that this sort of thing was all right if you want to know "what people in power want the world to think they think," but that the "real" work of journalism was done by people such as—ahem—William Shawcross, who work "from the outside looking in" rather than "from the inside looking out." Please, for the love of God, will somebody invite Shawcross to a cocktail party.

■ Shirley Temple Black recalls that she once hit Eleanor Roosevelt in the behind with a pebble from her slingshot. Just thought you'd like to know.

Budget: The Real Issue

The central issue in the current debate between supply-siders and budget-cutters has never been strictly economic, or even mainly economic. It has all along been political and *tactical.* This point has not been made in any public discussion of the issue we know of.

The political fact is that cutting the budget, eliminating or reducing federal programs, is devilishly difficult. On paper, myriad federal programs can be shown to be ineffective, inefficient, counterproductive, or immediately dispensable. But such programs have constituencies long practiced in the art of putting the heat on Congress. Nor have the media, with their vaunted investigative reporting, done much at all to educate the public about such federal programs; this education, had it been carried out, would have helped protect a congressman who cast his vote to cut. As TRB sums up the political problem in *The New Republic* (February 7): "All he [Reagan] has to do is to get profligate Congress to tighten the nation's money belt, the last thing that lobbyists, pressure groups, and interest bodies want. If Reagan is to do this, he must do it right away."

Yes, making tactical use of the present honeymoon is necessary; but relying on such transitory good will for ultimate success would be unrealistic.

The political genius of immediate tax cuts, *à la* Kemp-Roth, lies in the potential leverage they exert on merely human congressmen. Tax cuts, naturally, are easier to put through than budget cuts. Kemp-Roth says, okay, put through the tax cuts. Then either, or a mixture, of two things happens: a) an economy stim-

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ulated by the tax cuts pours revenue into the federal coffers, making subsequent budget cuts milder and politically more palatable; or b) that doesn't happen, and sudden inflationary pressures make deep cuts to reduce the deficit much more feasible politically.

Not surprisingly, the tax-cut-first forces are led by Jack Kemp, an experienced congressman who has intimate knowledge of the art of the possible. The budget-cutters (with important exceptions) tend to be academics or Wall Streeters who can make a good case on paper but are not political tacticians. The flaw in the budget-cutters' scenario is that it requires congressmen to be the noblest Romans of them all. The political strength of the supply-side approach is that it provides a tactical leverage which will oblige congressmen to do what must be done.

All in all, the moment is now propitious. A surprising intellectual consensus has come into existence, as evidence of which we once again quote, from *The New Republic*'s TRB, sentences which could have appeared without alteration in *NR*: "The country is living beyond its means and paying for it by the concealed tax of inflation. Carter sent a phony budget to Congress just before leaving, minimizing his deficit for 1981-82 at $27.5 billion. Actually, if corrected for off-budget items and a proposed gasoline tax which Congress won't even look at, the deficit is around $73 billion, an extraordinary sum! Inflation now runs at 12.5 per cent. Inflation at that rate would reduce the dollar to nine cents in twenty years. Everybody agrees this is bad, can't last, must be corrected. But will it be?"

Everyone agrees on the goal. The question is how to get from here to there. And on that question the supply-siders possess the better political psychology.

Speaking of Budget Cuts

One of the biggest challenges facing the new Administration is to cut back the growth of federal non-defense spending. So said Martin Feldstein, professor of economics at Harvard University, in testimony before the Senate Budget Committee and in a *Wall Street Journal* article February 2. To most of us this is not really news, but the way Congress has been spending, one can't tell them often enough. One constructive contribution that Professor Feldstein made was a review of all additional spending that took place over the past decade in light of current fiscal resources and the cost-effectiveness of the programs. If only half of the domestic spending increases since 1971 could be erased, the budget could be slimmed by $70 billion.

A good place to start the cuts would be with federal subsidies of state and local government programs. These subsidies raise the federal tax burden and redistribute money in a haphazard fashion. They also lower the apparent prices of certain goods and services, distorting the way money is spent and how state and local governments conduct business. With state and local governments enjoying a $25-billion surplus in 1979, what justification is there for the Federal Government to provide $7 billion in general revenue sharing, or $3 billion in "community development grants"?

The so-called "uncontrollable entitlement programs" are also in need of discipline. With entitlements like Medicare, or the disability program, Congress every few years defines benefits and says which individuals are eligible, and then just doles out the money to the program's beneficiaries. This is in contrast to traditional spending programs (like defense) where Congress decides in advance how much it wants to spend each year. Owing to a change in the standards of eligibility, there has been a three-fold increase in real per-capita disability benefits since 1965. In 1980, about three million individuals classified as "disabled workers" received benefits of over $12 billion. A return to the old eligibility rules would probably eliminate between one-half and two-thirds of current beneficiaries, saving the program between $6 and $8 billion.

Eliminating managerial waste and inefficiency is fine, but it is clear that it is not going to be enough. Real spending cuts have to be made. Required reading for President Reagan's Cabinet members, it is reported, is Donald Lambro's *Fat City*. The book describes in detail numerous programs in which the Federal Government wastes over $100 billion a year of taxpayers' money. *NR* suggests that the book be put on Congress's reading list as well.

Hail, and Farewell

They were held as pawns in an extortion plot rather than as pledges for fulfillment of an agreement. Thus calling them hostages was a misnomer. More accurately, they were kidnap victims. By their accounts, the captors were mean in an erratic way rather than systematically fiendish. Still, 444 days of such harass-

Current Usage

Gals utilize their curlers.
  Guys utilize a comb.
Commuters utilize the train.
  Mom utilizes home.
Nuns utilize a convent.
  Drunks utilize their booze.
Since no one "uses" anything,
  I'll utilize the blues.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ment amounted to a formidable test of the human spirit. The effects tell something of character. That last term is derived from the Greek for *mark*. One's character is the sum of marks left on one's psyche by events experienced and precepts learned. To have strength of character is to be already so deeply and durably marked as to be relatively impervious to the cutting edge of vicissitude. In general, those who have returned from the Iranian captivity appear to have endured well. Surviving more or less intact is no small feat in such circumstances. It is hard to begrudge them the festive fortnight of yellow ribbons. Still, those—including some of the liberated captives themselves—who have deplored the overdone welcome as misplaced heroizing have a point. To ward off accusations of churlishness, it is necessary to be precise about meanings.

To understand heroes and heroism, one might begin with the idea of the hero in drama. Drama compresses. Thus, for example, Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* puts about a dozen years of his family's life into three hours or so. A tremendous amount of paring and squeezing is required. The playwright applies a value in selecting what to tell and what—so hugely more voluminous—to leave out, and presents the residue as what one needs to know to understand the essence. The hero is the personifier of that value. History in similar sense is dramatic. The historian pares, selects, and compresses to epitomize something of value in the recounted past, and history's heroes are emblematic of what justifies a nation's or a people's life. Endurance in the face of degradation, a will to keep oneself together instead of going bonkers when under the thumbs of bullies for months on end—those are important attributes for enabling individuals to survive captivity, but they do not suffice for nations. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln remain our national heroes, not for long-suffering fortitude in involuntary straits but for active determination to achieve national independence and to maintain the nation's integrity. The difference is important.

Truman-Wallace Revisited

The Soviet ambassador, deprived now of special parking privileges and access to the inside-topside elevator, is being treated at the Reagan State Department like all other chiefs of mission. The President's and Secretary of State Alexander Haig's utterances concerning Soviet purposes and conduct have an edge reminiscent of Harry Truman and John Foster Dulles. So there is much talk of a sidetracked detente and a resumed cold war. The terms call for exposition.

"Cold war" translates a phrase once used on the Iberian peninsula for the prolonged enmity between Islam and Christendom. Walter Lippmann—he got the phrase indirectly from Herman Baruch, who had learned it while U.S. ambassador in Lisbon—gave it currency in 1947 as a label for the then emerging contest of purpose in world affairs polarized between the new superpowers. "Detente" got into the U.S. policy vocabulary in the early 1950s to denote the idea of restoring official interchange between Washington and Moscow—then for all practical purposes at a virtual standstill owing to Joseph Stalin's dementia in his final phase. Subsequently the term has become so irremediably fuzzy as to defy definition. Anyway, the respective key terms describe concurrent attitudes rather than discrete slabs of reality.

The Reagan-Haig discourse marks a departure from the sort of euphemism generally favored by the preceding Administration and resembles more the style briefly adopted by former President Carter in the immediate sequel to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. No doubt the trading of verbal barbs is uncomfortable for certain of this country's European allies, who treasure detente for other than stylistic reasons. One should put the development in proportion, however. The underlying reality, unaffected by tones of voice, is an abiding divergence of purpose between the United States and the Soviet Union. The new tone of voice is salutary as a reminder of that obdurate circumstance—a reminder necessary for the program of restoring a proper military balance envisioned by the Reagan Administration.

Withal, superpower diplomatic communication goes on. Ambassador Dobrynin still calls at the State Department, even if chummy privileges have been canceled. President Reagan has voiced willingness to resume efforts to achieve a strategic arms limitation agreement worth having. These things are mentioned in no Pollyanna mood. There are disturbing indicators on the current scene. The Soviet gerontocracy, with military expenditures ratcheted to a level of 18 per cent of GNP, is confronted domestically by more and more intractable problems, exacerbated by the deviancy exemplified in Poland. What the Soviet regime has going for it is pre-eminently its expanding military power. Such a combination of circumstances is charged with imponderables. The next few years will be dangerous ones.

The choice will be whether to treat the Soviet Union gingerly and even to acquiesce in occasional successes lest the regime feel pushed into desperate extremes with a potential for bringing on intercontinental war, or to oppose the regime's external designs with resolute consistency so that in the end it must abandon its machinations on behalf of the Marxist-Leninist version of the future. The question that once divided Harry Truman and Henry Wallace will persist.

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Marxism: Who/Whom?

The Polish workers' strike, writes Kenneth Minogue in the Winter *Policy Review*, may be taken as "a finally decisive piece of evidence that nobody who has to *live* Marxism actually believes the stuff any more. It survives only as a hobby among some intellectuals who inhabit the protected academic reservations of Europe and America."

Minogue's light touch should not give the wrong impression: he is as trenchant a political thinker as stalks the journalistic earth, and his whole analysis of Marxism as "the apologetics of power" explores an original and practical approach to the dismal pseudo-science.

He begins with two hypotheses: 1) Marx was inconsistent in the tacit assumption that he could somehow transcend the material conditions that (he said) determine all human thought and 2) Marx was a competent enough philosopher to know this.

Neither genius nor fool, Marx is best understood, Minogue argues, as a political *con man*. His silences on difficulties with his theories are neither lapses nor mysteries: they are simple discretion. Politicians—people reaching for power—seldom care to face all the implications of their explicit positions.

Seen this way, Marxism is intelligible as a device for seizing power by damning all rival political groups, indeed all systems that tolerate a plurality of groups, as delusions. Minogue sums up its form in one sentence: "Either you agree with what I am telling you, or you must admit yourself to be nothing else but a victim of bourgeois ideology." The cardinal mistake is to try to *reason* with this blackmail. It is not an invitation to dialogue.

As Minogue puts it, "There is evidently something pretty suspicious about someone who says: I can solve all your problems (not just some of them) but I'm afraid you'll have to put yourself totally and irrevocably in my power—nothing less will do. A proposal cast in terms like this is unmistakably that of the sort of crook who'd never give a sucker an even break. Yet what else does the Marxist theory of revolution amount to?"

Furthermore, "almost everything that counts as realism (by contrast with idealism or utopianism) in Marx's work constitutes a reason for individuals' not having to do anything except write, talk, and conspire. Helping one's fellow men by way of philanthropy is merely propping up the evil system. . . . The marvelous clean sweep of any moral interest in all Marxist (and many other kinds of socialist) thought clears the decks from all distraction from the fundamental business which brings this motley gang together, which is, I repeat, an addiction to talking and grabbing power."

The philosophical difficulties, in short, are as nothing compared with the practical political advantages. Marxism may not make sense, but as long as the victims don't notice, it works. For Marxists.

Now He Tells Us

The General was somber
  Presenting his review:
We need a B-1 bomber;
  Our volunteers won't do.
The Navy needs renewing.
  (He really laid it on.)
Yes, Jones is up and doing
  Now Jimmy Carter's gone.

W. H. VON DREELE

Voice of the Wounded

Licking the Left's wounds, the *Village Voice*'s Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway—about the only serious leftists in sight—which is different from suggesting they should be read seriously—have some brilliant, if gloomy, strategy notes for their peers. They begin with realism: "For the Left, indeed, the situation could not look worse." Barry Commoner "showed up on the national radar screens with about the same clarity as a seagull flying over the early warning system above the Canadian border." So much for third-party politics; and, just now, the Democratic Party doesn't offer much hope either. The Left is stuck with a losing hand. "The ultimate failure, manifest all through the Seventies, is the Left-liberal loss of faith in government—which is very different from the necessary attack on big government when it fails."

We've saved another for last: "It should be realized that public education, from grade school on up, is the bedrock of any Left-center political program. It now looks as though the Right—over time—will steadily erode public education, cannibalize it, and turn the entire system into a private enterprise encouraged by various tax incentives. Tuition tax credits are the first step, by which the middle classes are emboldened to hasten their flight from the public schools, abandoned as holding pens for the underclass."

Let's freeze that frame: *Public education is the bedrock of any Left-center political program.* Not only the Right but the rightward-moving public has been intuiting this for a long time. The schools have become not extensions of their communities but social laboratories, and more. In his book *The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class*, sociologist Alvin Gouldner observes (approvingly) that through

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public education, up to and including college, parents unwittingly subsidize the systematic weaning of their children from the values of family and church. The schools socialize (as John Dewey prescribed) and secularize (as Gouldner says). A kind of irreligious establishment, the system is indispensable to "Left-center" recruitment. The Left *has* to fight for it.

Science and Truth

SST. SST? S-S-T. . . . Oh, yes—those high-flying, superfast airplanes with triangular wings and drooping, delicate noses, about which great debates raged ten years ago, to build or not to build. The arguments offered by the SST's enemies were horrific. Scientists testified that the ozone layer would be damaged. Strange rays would bombard us; world temperatures would rise. A few million gallons would melt off the polar ice cap. Cancer would flourish like flu in winter.

The controversy was reviewed in a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Toronto, and the scientists in the anti-SST camp were charged with massive bad faith. "Scientists," contended Dr. Hugh Ellsaesser of Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, "took it upon themselves to act as a priesthood by suppressing data which the laity (the public) could use to reach conclusions different from those espoused by the priests." "Those scientists who thought the SST was bad for economic reasons," added Professor Fred S. Singer of the University of Virginia, "also found it was bad for environmental reasons, and vice versa. And there was paranoia, with people storming out of meetings, saying that if you did not agree with their data, you were biased." One paper, Singer recalled, challenging the ozone/cancer theory, was rejected by the American magazine *Science* as too hot to handle; it was finally taken by the British publication *Nature*.

The British and French, not sharing our excitement, went ahead and built their own SSTs, and discovered that they were money-losers. Fair enough. But what has happened, along the way, to the prestige of science? It is not as if the SST has been the only question in recent years on which scientific party lines have been drawn. What are the risks of nuclear power? What correlation exists between race and IQ, and what does it matter? How fast is the world's population expanding, and what dangers does it pose? These and other issues have been obscured by dogmatizing and double-talk.

Derelictions among scientists assume special importance because of the place science holds in our culture. Beginning in the last century, the methods of the physical sciences came to be considered the paradigm of all knowledge. Economics, history, psychology, sociology would become as "scientific" and "value-free" as chemistry. A lot of this was eyewash; many of the apostles of the expansion of science were smuggling in values—their own—under the cover of disinterestedness. Now, in a turn of the wheel, the smugglers have invaded the physical sciences themselves, cooking data, suppressing fact, lying and distorting. Just because a man in a white coat says it doesn't mean it's true. Preserve your skepticism.

Blaine, *The Spectator* Rothco

Creeping Sanity in Cambridge

In a survey conducted by the Dean of Students of Harvard University last May, students who belonged to minority groups were perceived by their peers as "separatist in orientation" and "isolated from the college mainstream." A committee of nine teachers, administrators, and students has now recommended the creation of a special foundation to reduce their "alienation and estrangement." Minority students, the committee found, are "faced with the unhappy choice of conforming to the cultural norm" or defending their "identity to the point where the benefits of a diversified student population are compromised."

A little background is in order here. During the late Sixties and Seventies, black militants extorted a long list of concessions from major universities, including Harvard. Admissions quotas, lightly veiled, were imposed. Academic ghettos ("black studies" programs) were erected to coddle the talented and shelter the unqualified. Social apartheid was tolerated and encouraged in the name of "cultural identity" and "racial pride." Black students who felt uncomfortable with the new state of affairs were urged to blame their unhappiness on still-lingering racism.

The results—bitterness, myopia; inferiority complex-

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es and academic inferiority—were entirely predictable, and to the extent the report of the Harvard committee recognizes them, it marks a step in the right direction. But how hesitant a step. The proposed foundation will "commission cultural activities" (there must be 999 student organizations at Harvard; are blacks uniquely incapable of generating their own?). And catch the talk about "conforming to the cultural norm"—as if grim Brahmins waited to corset the souls of their manservants' grandsons.

Cant of course is one of the rewards of American life. Only the successful are permitted to lie to and about themselves. But what a dreary reward it is: dishonest, demeaning, ultimately retarding. Cambridge, in this case, is *not* Yoknapatawpha County. If Harvard is not tolerant of racial differences, who or what on the North American continent is? Couldn't they—*couldn't they*—just once tell it straight?

The Culture Hour

Fans of the late H. L. Mencken still smile over one of the worst couplets ever written in English, the lines by J. Gordon Coogler with which Mencken begins his great essay "The Sahara of the Bozart":

Alas for the South! Her books have grown fewer—
She never was much given to literature.

Like most readers, our esteemed colleague James Jackson Kilpatrick figured that Mencken had invented Coogler, until, inspired by *The American Spectator*'s conferring of the Sixth Annual J. Gordon Coogler Award for the worst book of the year (the past 12 months produced a bumper crop of Cooglers—awards went to Bertram Gross's *Friendly Fascism*, Kirkpatrick Sale's *Human Scale*, Victor Navasky's *Naming Names*, and Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States*), Kilpatrick decided to do a little digging.

Coogler lived! There is a Coogler scholar at the University of South Carolina. Coogler's Complete Works are available.

Coogler was born on December 3, 1865 in Doko, South Carolina, the son of Sarah and Luana Coogler. At 14, he changed his given name to John Brown Gordon Coogler, after a Confederate general he admired, and began work as a printer. At 15, his poetic career began to flourish, and he put up a sign in his shop window: "Poems While You Wait." During his lifetime, he published several volumes of poetry, in 1897 gathering them into a volume called *Purely Original Verse.*

Coogler became a national straight-faced joke, as reviewers and editors, well aware of his awfulness, entered into a tacit conspiracy to greet each Coogler effort with rapturous praise. "Genius will out," cried the *Providence Journal.* "True poetic expression," said the *Kansas City Times.* Coogler never suspected the joke. An illustration in his collected volume of 1897 shows him at his desk, mustachioed, and with piercing poetic eyes.

Alas! Carolina! Carolina! Fair land of my birth
Thy fame will be wafted from the mountain to the sea
As being the greatest educational center on earth,
At the cost of men's blood through thy "One X"
whiskey.

Professor Claude Henry Neuffer of the University of South Carolina will send you Coogler's final volume in facsimile for $6. James Jackson Kilpatrick lists himself as President, Rappahannock County Stanza No. 1, J. Gordon Coogler Literary, Forensic, and Inside Straight Society. Coogler, tonight, sleeps with the immortals.

The Kemp-Roth Limited

It may have said, "I think I can,"
But it will take the fireman,
The engineer, and all the crew
To push this chugging choo-choo through.

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

"Too-close-to-call Walter" has verified that old German saying:

"Gesundheit ist besser als 'Cronkite.'"

Roland R. Benzow
Buffalo, N.Y.

■ Dear Bill:

I think the debate between the presidential candidates was unfair to President Carter, in that the word "nuclear" was continually injected into the debate. This was unfair to the President since it is commonly known that he is incapable of pronouncing the word "nuclear," which, though he's purportedly a nuclear engineer, he pronounces "nucyear."

I think it was also discriminatory that the only fly in the hall concentrated on circling the President's head.

I also think a box should have been provided so

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President Carter could stand as tall as Governor Reagan.

I feel all these things contributed to Carter's loss in the debate.

Bill Norton
Colonel, USAF, Ret.
McAllen, Tex.

■ Dear Bill:

This is my first letter to an editor, but I can no longer keep to myself the pleasures of listening to FM radio —to wit—

Haydn is Hayden (Hey, Tom—how are you?). Boccherini is Botch . . . The overture to Wagner (as in, He's a wag) composed by Tannhäuser (Tanhowser)—preceded by Ravel's (as in un-ravel) Tombeau de *Cow*perin; a jigyou (gigue), a sarabandy (sarabande), a secolar (secular) cantat (as in can dot)—all by J. S. Batch. Performers are: Earl Wind (as your wristwatch), Gieseking (as in guys); composers Mahler (as in Norman), Saint-Saëns (as in, Goes without sayin'), Hindemith (hindquarters), Poulenc (as in Pow!), and the famous conductor Serge (as in egg) Sergevitsky (as in blue serge suit). "Nothing makes me more happier than to play the music of Bizet" (as in beset), gushed one announcer; another guided us to the Stabat Mater (as in May-ter) played by the Leapzig Symphony Orchestra (doubtless with the Leapfrog Choral Society?). And as a fitting end to this litany, a Nunc Dimittis (as in, How dim it is).

But ultimate satisfaction came with the announcement, "You will now hear the Choral Symphony of Gustav Holst, so and so soloists, such and such orchestra and choral society." Followed the Elgar cello concerto, Introduction and Allegro for Strings, a string serenade. At the end of it came back the announcer: "You have just heard the Choral Symphony of Gustav Holst, so and so soloists, etc., etc."—

You don't believe it? Listen in some time!

Bill [Strickland]
Founder, National Symphony Orchestra
Westport, Conn.

P.S. Today I heard Strauss's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Le Boorshwazee Gentle-hoe-may) and the Liebestod from *Tristan and Isolde* (the Liebesdot from Tristan and Issydoll) as well as excerpts from *Die Meistersinger* (as in, Die, you fiend!).

P.P.S. Perhaps I should title this complaint, "Roy's Bedroom"—in memory of *Le chambre du Roi*—or "le chamber du Roy."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your Latin joke bespeaks the perils of an English-Latin dictionary, used to translate a word at a time.

Ultima nocte was not last night: it's the last night ever. *Ultimus* is "final."

Quis fuit domina illa tecum visa nocte hesterna? Non fuit illa domina, uxor mea fuit.

Clarence Zaar
San Francisco, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your comment in the November 28 issue ("The Week") to change your format from humor to the serious business of running a nation might be easier said than done.

By just reporting the everyday happenings of the new Administration, you will produce a wealth of comedy material, as "Dutch" fumbles through the script written by the narrow special-interest groups of this country.

The only thing serious about the new Administration's policies will be the crushing effects on the social aspects of our society. Your magazine will be at a definite disadvantage in this area, because of its complete lack of experience in addressing the real "people problems" of the nation.

One suggestion would be to hire Senator George McGovern to fill this void and help implement your new approach to journalism and attack the real problems of the American people. He has been dealing with "the serious business of government" effectively for many years, as you will quickly learn as you turn to the serious business of running a nation.

Roland Antila
White Pine, Mich.

Dear Mr. Antila: Thanks for the suggestion. George McGovern is welcome at NATIONAL REVIEW to give advice to the Democratic Party anytime. Service at *NR* brings wages above the federal minimum, health care with a private insurance company, and a small private pension. The taxes, city, state, and federal, will make Mr. McGovern feel socially comfortable. Cordially,

WFB

■

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CHOOSE THE MORTGAGE THAT'S BEST FOR YOU.

Today, choosing the right kind of mortgage is as important as choosing the right house. The 30-year, fixed-rate loan has been joined by a variety of new types of mortgages, designed to help home buyers and lenders cope with rapidly changing interest rates.

THE STANDARD MORTGAGE

Many lenders still offer the fixed-rate, 30-year mortgage. Since it's issued at an interest rate that stays the same over the life of the loan, your monthly payments (principal and interest) remain constant. However, in exchange for the assurance of level payments, interest rates may be higher for these mortgages than for the newer types.

Government-backed FHA and VA mortgages have fixed rates which may be lower than conventionally financed loans, but lenders usually compensate by charging "points" to the seller. (A point equals 1% of the mortgage.) The seller may therefore be less willing to negotiate on his asking price.

GRADUATED PAYMENT LOANS

One of the new kinds of loans, the Graduated Payment Mortgage (GPM), is set up so that monthly payments start out lower and then increase gradually to a predetermined limit that is higher than for level-payment mortgages. GPMs permit buyers who expect their future income to increase to qualify for larger loans.

MORTGAGES WITH CHANGING RATES

Another new type of loan comes in a variety of forms, called adjustable rate, variable rate or renegotiated rate mortgages. They all work basically the same way: their interest rates will go up or down, within stated limits, over the term of the loan. The amount of the adjustment depends upon changes in prevailing interest rates. Lenders frequently offer lower initial rates on these loans than for standard fixed-rate mortgages.

ASK QUESTIONS UNTIL YOU'RE SURE

Choosing the right kind of mortgage is more complicated and probably more important now than ever before. It makes sense to talk to someone experienced in real estate, to ask lots of questions all along the way, and to compare the offerings of all types of lenders, such as savings and loan associations, banks, mortgage companies and credit unions.

For additional information to help you shop for a mortgage to fit your particular needs, write for our free booklet.

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The Current WISDOM

An Almost Golden Age

NEAL B. FREEMAN

WE WERE LEAVING a meeting at the International Center in Reston, Virginia when a fellow confabulist turned to us and said through clenched teeth, "You know what you've done, don't you? You've just destroyed the networks." The year was 1973, and the gentleman with the gift for hyperbole was referring to a decision by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting to adopt the technology of satellite transmission.

It was the gentleman's contention, widely repeated in the trade press in those years, that if public broadcasting broke ranks with the commercial networks, and with the monopoly transmission facility of Ma Bell, there would follow as the night the day an era of chaos in the communications industry. Every local television station in the land would be free to run out and purchase its own "dish" and pick up its own signals. Every local television station would be free to program its own schedule, snatching from thin air the shows it liked and discarding the rest, even if it came down the network pipeline. New program suppliers would be emboldened to offer alternative fare. New technologies, including what was then known as community antenna television and later became known as "cable," would exploit the political weaknesses of the traditional broadcasters and, riding on the R&D nickel of the public broadcasting industry, prove out the dazzling economies of satellite transmission. What could happen, we were told, is that the national umbilical cord running from the West Side of Manhattan to the local "affiliates" across the nation could be severed. Permanently.

Dropping down a few decibels into the confessional voice, we will admit that this prospect did not fill us with fear and loathing. As a father, as a conservative, and as an average citizen with an IQ in three digits, we were never persuaded that the commercial networks had earned a prior claim on our national gratitude; nothing on, say, the order of national defense or the public library. Not even on the order of that other extra-constitutional stolen base, the two-party system. At the same time, the notion of entrepreneurial diversity in communications did not so much frighten as titillate us. We could at least conceive the possibility of a fourth network, a fifth network, a twentieth. If the *Dukes of Hazzard* should dip below a thirty share, well, we were prepared to live with that.

Remember, though, that this was 1973. It was a boom year for conspiracy theories, most of which relied for their narrative drive on the menacing character of Richard M. Nixon. (The sun never rose at all in those arctic months, children. The streets were cold and deserted, except for the roving bands of disease-carrying rats.) It was a given of civilized discussion in those days that any change in the media environment was a) bad and b) the result of Nixonian manipulation. The early Seventies were, in other words, the heyday of communication monopoly. Network television and the telephone company could do pretty much as they liked.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL revolution, which can never be resisted, was thus slowed. In the twisted world of media politics, those of us who were for change, for free expression, became the agents of repression. *Nixon appointees.* In the code word of contemporary *Washington Post* coverage, we became known as the "hardliners," which in practical terms meant that we did not approve the funding procedures then well established in public broadcasting. (These amounted, roughly speaking, to hurling vaultsful of tax money at every self-described producer waving a four-page treatment titled, "The Rosenberg Case: A Reappraisal.") It was a difficult passage, tiptoeing between the Scylla of the media establishment and the Charybdis of the political establishment. Not without a few scrapes, and not without a few hundred meetings, public broadcasting finally entered the satellite era. It had to. The economic arguments were overpowering.

Soon, as a result more of free-market forces than of innovations on the part of public broadcasting, technology had its way across the communications spectrum. Cable television was liberated by the Federal Communications Commission and began to wire the nation with a vengeance. Video-cassette recorders began the market transition from class to mass. And even as we write, the videodisk is preparing to enter the home-video sweepstakes under the powerful auspices of RCA. Inevitably, with each technological advance, the network share of the television audience was sliced still thinner. By the end of this decade, according to Wall Street analysts, the network share could fall by between 25 and 40 per cent. (Concomitantly, the other mass medium—the general-circulation newspaper—is redesigning its own product to appeal to the special-interest reader. Many of the industry leaders are now test-marketing information-retrieval systems for the home with which the reader can, in effect, become his own editor.)

The result of all this change will be enhanced freedom of choice for the information consumer. In our view, that is an end eagerly to be sought. A society without free access to available information is a society only partially free. But before we celebrate unreservedly the coming of the golden age of communications, let us pause to consider the price we shall be asked to pay, for in every economic advance there lurks a social trade-off. That trade-off, it seems to us, may be reflected in a loss of social cohesion, in a diminution of the shared information pool and thus in the shared premises of 220 million Americans. As simplistic, as distorted as the mass-media account of human affairs may have been, we were all aware of it. That account gave us a place to start the national conversation. It gave us a framework within which to draw up the national agenda. In the new electronic supermarket, however, each consumer will gain the right to define his own informational needs. There will perforce be 220 million different definitions. And we may one day in the not too distant future hear ourselves start to say: Bring back Walter. □

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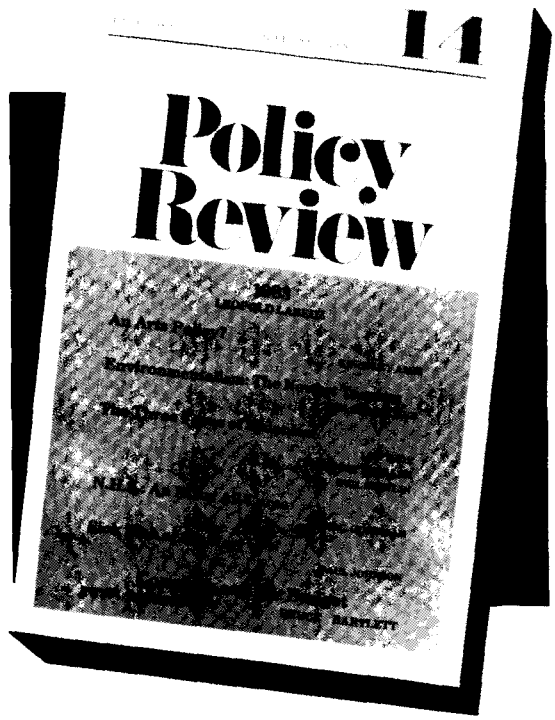

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Getting It Straight

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE MATING HABITS of ants are of greater interest to entomologists (I suspect) than to political scientists, or in general to non-entomologists. And I suspect that entomologists are less interested in Marxism-Leninism than political scientists, although the collectivism of ant and human societies does provide a connecting link.

There are times, however, when political scientists get bored with Marxism-Leninism, and entomologists with the habits of ants. But we should not yield to the temptation of *ennui*, for the problem is that Marxist-Leninists themselves never seem to get bored with peddling their revolting brew, and a bored observer is a vulnerable observer.

I am prompted to these absurd observations by recent and impending happenings in Africa (and for that matter, in Asia, Australasia, Europe, and the Americas). While our rulers and Departments of State or Foreign Affairs were looking elsewhere, no doubt through boredom, the long arm of Soviet Leninism was extending into the Black African Sahara, while hundreds of miles to the south, it was preparing to extend itself into Namibia, sometime known as South West Africa.

The Chad Connection

Let nobody suppose that events in Chad and in Namibia are disconnected in any sense save the geographical. What happened in Chad at the end of 1980 was that the mad (but methodical) Colonel Qaddafi, heavily armed with Soviet weapons, and with the benefit of Soviet military advice, took possession of that former French colony—unimpeded, be it said, by the French: about which, more later.

In Namibia, nothing much happened, but only because the South African delegation to the independence talks in Geneva had the solid good sense to refuse to bow to UN pressure, and the conference broke up in disorder on January 13. (See also "Taking a Fresh Look," by John Hutchinson, p. 147.)

The connecting link between the two cases is, quite simply, Soviet imperialist policy (the realistic translation of Soviet Leninism in practice). Without in any way minimizing Qaddafi's personal ambitions (see "The Protracted Conflict," November 14, 1980), it is patent that they serve Soviet ends, or the USSR would not be arming the Libyan dictator to the teeth and giving him campaign advice. Qaddafi is now well placed to pursue his dream of an Islamic Saharan empire, thereby extending Soviet power in a free ride.

As for Namibia, it should not be seen in isolation. To the north is Angola, nominally in Marxist hands (and so recognized, internationally). So long as Namibia can depend on South African protection, while running its own affairs under the elected Democratic Turnhalle Alliance government, the remarkably effective anti-Marxist guerrillas of UNITA in southern Angola, under their intelligent and charismatic leader, Jonas Savimbi, constitute an asset for the kind of foreign policy we hope the incoming Reagan Administration will pursue. Properly supported and encouraged, Savimbi's guerrillas could help to destabilize and defeat the entire Cuban/East German surrogate operation, not only in Angola itself, but throughout Africa. Bear in mind that Savimbi probably controls one-third of Angola's territory, while the northern third is held by Holden Roberto's FNLA forces, denying an important stretch of country to the Marxists.

Now imagine the situation as it would be if the Marxist terrorists of the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO) were allowed to take over in Namibia:

1. The threat to South Africa itself (which is vital to the West's survival) would immediately be increased: instead of one hostile country to the north (Zimbabwe), the South Africans would face two.

2. Savimbi's logistical support area would be lost, and with it a golden opportunity to wreck the Cuban/East German effort and score a major victory over the Soviet imperialists.

To come back to Marxism-Leninism (boring subject, but there it is), the trouble with Foreign Offices and Departments of External Affairs and the like is that they ask the wrong questions and end up by following (from the best of moral and democratic motives) policies that will inevitably make situations infinitely worse than they already are.

Thinking Strategically

They do this because these bureaucracies, although often staffed with people of the highest intellectual capacity, do not think strategically. And they do not think strategically because governments do not so instruct them, and because it is much easier not to.

Thus over Namibia, the question they ask is: "How can we get the South Africans out (and thus avoid UN sanctions and unpleasantness from black Africans, especially those obstreperous Nigerians)?" Whereas, the question they ought to be asking is: "How can we prevent another Marxist takeover on behalf of the Soviets?"

I rejoice to note that Mr. Reagan has let it be known that the U.S. would not automatically go along with a call for sanctions against South Africa, whatever the Nigerians might think.

As for Chad, it was President Giscard d'Estaing's misfortune to have been outmaneuvered. The Soviets and Libyans had been working hard on the Organization of African Unity (OAU) and, be it said, Libyan gold had been flowing freely. So the OAU wanted French troops to leave Chad ("foreign forces" was the way they put it, tactfully, but the French forces were the only ones there), and out the French went. On several previous occasions, Giscard has courageously responded to African appeals for help. This time, no one appealed, and no help came.

He, too, and the rest of us, will have to realize that we are in a war, and act accordingly. □

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NAMIBIA

Taking a Fresh Look

JOHN HUTCHINSON

WINDHOEK, NAMIBIA. The Geneva Conference on Namibia *should* have failed.

The UN election plan would have ushered Namibia into the Soviet embrace, greatly to our strategic disadvantage. The Western Five were cast as the executioners, the Front-Line States as the vultures on the fence. Now that the Conference has collapsed for the time being, the United States should take the opportunity to retrieve the Namibian prize and rescue its people. No other nation can.

The prize is priceless. Namibia is on the Cape route with access to a deep-water harbor. The Rossing mine in central Namibia, owned by Rio Tinto Zinc, is the world's largest producer of uranium, and the French Aquitaine group may have struck an even larger lode nearby. The territory's other resources, in a mineral-rich subcontinent, have not been fully appraised. The loss of Namibia to Soviet control—combined with increased Soviet influence in Angola and Mozambique and a drift in Zimbabwe toward civil war and Soviet intervention—would set the stage for the final Communist imperial move on South Africa, without whose minerals the West cannot easily prosper or defend itself.

The proposal at Geneva provided for an election in Namibia for delegates to a constitutional convention. The notion is a loser. An election *based* on a constitution might work. An election *prior* to a constitution would guarantee a deadlock between the internal groups and the external SWAPO, which have incompatible ideas about representative government. The victors would impose a constitution on the vanquished, and fratricide would result.

In any case the UN is not the proper body to administer a fair election. It treats SWAPO as Namibia's government in exile, while denying any courtesies to the internal parties. The UN is SWAPO's main source of money and, through the General Assembly, has long declared SWAPO to be the sole legitimate representative of the Namibian people. In such circumstances a fair election under UN auspices is not possible.

SWAPO is a Marxist party, bent on political retribution and the expulsion of Rio Tinto Zinc and other Western corporate presences. The internal black Namibian leaders do not believe that either they or the Namibian economy will survive a SWAPO victory; and they have no taste for death, or exile, or national impoverishment. South Africa has made it fairly plain that it will not accept a Soviet-backed enemy on its borders.

THE BASIC backstage probability is that SWAPO will not accept an election it loses, while the black and white internal parties will not accept an election that SWAPO wins. This deadlock, the geographical ethnic sectionalization and deadly tribal hatreds of Namibia, the South African resolve to take a UN boycott rather than a Communist Namibia—combined with an awakening American interest in taking a hard look at southern Africa and in putting a stop to UN sanctions of any kind against South Africa—will make ruin of any UN intercession. A UN peace would only start a larger war.

There is another way. Angola, bordering Namibia on the north, is tired of its civil war, and so herded by the Cubans as to feel a vassal state; it is more interested in making some deal with Jonas Savimbi, head of the rebel UNITA, than in supporting SWAPO's Sam Nujoma. Savimbi's UNITA, which disturbs an expanding area of Angola, says it wants a government of national reconciliation. South Africa wants a friendly Namibia on its western border, but also wants to be free of the present burden. Two countries and a durable guerrilla have a common interest in a Namibian settlement and can probably enforce it.

President Reagan should propose a regional peace: a ceasefire in Angola, the departure of the Cubans, and a government of national unity; a ceasefire in Namibia and fair elections, endorsed by Angola and UNITA and South Africa, and based on a constitution prepared with Western advice and under arrangements supervised by Kenya, Botswana, Yugoslavia, and the United States; and then both recognition and large-scale aid to both countries.

Failing Angolan agreement, Reagan should invite all Namibian parties to meet with him, proceed with those who attend, strengthen Savimbi, advise on constitutional matters, help to monitor an election, and then recognize and subvene the result.

Black Africa would have to be faced, preferably in reconciliation but if necessary in self-preservation. Most of the continent is at least formally pro-SWAPO. Nigeria is the linchpin, and threatens to cut off the oil if America displeases it on southern Africa. The Nigerian threat to Western security interests must be eliminated. A full Western counter-boycott strongly led by the United States might change Nigeria's tune in rapid order.

A new means to Namibian freedom is needed at speed. There is near-consensus in Namibia—even including internal SWAPO elements increasingly embarrassed at Sam Nujoma's limited abilities—that the United States should take the lead before the UN lights the flames.

The UN plan for Namibia is a threat to Western security. The Western Five's role in its implementation should be seen in brighter light for what it is: a brokered gift of vast and vital resources to the enemy.

Victories are not won by genuflection. If we have to choose between imperfect solutions we should have the sense to choose what benefits us—let alone the Namibians the UN would enslave. Reagan should help protect Namibia, as well as showing us how to stand erect. □

Mr. Hutchinson is a visiting professor of Industrial Relations at the International Center for Economics of the London School of Economics.

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FRANCIS X. MAIER
R. BRUCE McCOLM

Nation In Our Midst: The Cuban Diaspora

ON THE MORNING of Sunday, November 25, 1979, José Eulalio Negrín was shot to death in his car in Union City, New Jersey. That evening "Omega 7," the Cuban exile terrorist organization, claimed responsibility for his assassination. Negrín was subsequently portrayed by the press as a man of peace, a voice of moderation silenced by right-wing extremists. Nearly ten months later, in September 1980, Felix Garcia Rodriguez was killed by sniper fire while driving in rush-hour traffic in Queens. Garcia was an attaché with the Cuban Mission to the United Nations, and Omega 7 once again claimed responsibility. The killings served as appropriate bookends to a period of extraordinary political upheaval: the flight of 120,000 Cubans from a regime that proudly claims grassroots popularity.

Most Americans reacted to the Cuban exodus with surprise and some resentment. That resentment, adroitly cultivated by Havana, led to lengthy coverage of homosexuality, illiteracy, and violence among the refugees. Considerably less analysis appeared on why the refugees left in the first place. The crisis was quickly transformed from a Cuban problem to an American problem, and was soon overshadowed by events in Jamaica and El Salvador.

Today, we are back where we were before the exodus. American officials are concerned over Cuban instructors in Nicaragua, Cuban guns in El Salvador. But there is little scrutiny of the inequalities and contradictions that have created the island state which Carlos Franqui calls "Matushka—the mother prison." This is especially ironic now, as most observers agree that the Havana government is facing its most serious challenge in twenty years—a combination of economic failure and political discontent that calls into question the system's long-term ability to survive.

Events in Central America and the Caribbean are linked to Cuba as inextricably as Cuba is linked to her own diaspora. The exodus underscores the fact that Cuba's struggle for real independence and national identity, far from being over, has now entered a new and internationalized stage.

Mr. Maier is editor of the National Catholic Register. *Mr. McColm, a freelance writer, is a contributing editor of the* Register.

I.

"Omega 7 is the voice of the people."—An exile militant

José Negrín was a man more suited to melodrama than tragedy. An advocate of friendlier American-Cuban relations in a strongly anti-Castro community, he was active in promoting the "dialogue" between the Havana government and Cuban exiles that Fidel Castro initiated in 1978. According to Father Andrés Reyes, one of his associates, Negrín "ran a little office to assist the community—translations, visa applications for travel to Cuba, public notary things. He was an honest man, as far as I know." But according to Father Raúl Comesanas, a priest who knew Negrín well when both men were younger, "Negrín was a sad case, very mixed up—you heard a lot of rumors that he was connected with the underworld. Negrín wanted to be respected, but nobody would pay any attention to him."

Rudolfo Benitez, formerly Negrín's personal secretary, claims Negrín turned his connections with Havana to personal profit, while supplying information to Cuban intelligence on northern New Jersey's large exile community. Benitez claims that Negrín kept extensive files on "counter-revolutionary elements" in the exile community. These included addresses, phone numbers, occupations, club affiliations, and photographs. Negrín gave this information to the Cuban UN mission for transmission to Havana.

II.

"The exile groups don't mess with drugs. The Cuban narcotic is politics."—An FBI agent

For law-enforcement officers, southern Florida—home of the largest concentration of Cuban exiles anywhere in the world—is a nightmare of gigantic proportions: drugs, guns, illegal aliens, political terrorism, and espionage, always interweaving, always out of control.

The weapons market intertwines with the drug trade in southern Florida, which now outstrips even New York's. According to Al Pringle, formerly special agent in charge in Miami for the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and now the deputy regional director for the DEA's Southern region, the dope market centers on "quaaludes, marijuana, and, of course, cocaine." Cuban involvement in the drug traffic is especially heavy. Traditionally, Cubans have acted as the middlemen between the street consumer and the big Colombian crime families that export the cocaine, but as the Colombian population has grown in the United States, the Colombians have begun to cut the Cubans out. Pringle says a lot of the violence that has taken place in Miami over the last two years is part of the power struggle going on in the cocaine trade.

One of the stranger twists to this $6-billion illegal traffic is the persistent allegation of *official* Havana complicity in the wheeling and dealing. One Miami-area journalist claims that "a guy was shot to death and found floating in the Bay of Biscayne a year ago or so. He was a Castro agent who dealt

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heavily with drug traffickers. He generated cash from the dope to run his information network." The reporter claims that small planes routinely leave from an airport in Matanzas Province, Cuba, and also from José Marti airport in Havana, with dope for southern Dade County in Florida. So far, however, there's no proof.

Some of the allegations surrounding the death of the Cuban attaché in New York last September also involve drugs. While living at the Cuban Mission to the United Nations, Felix Garcia acted as a chauffeur and low-level diplomat. He may, however, actually have been a high-ranking intelligence officer sent to the United States to recruit exiles as agents and to oversee a Cuban drug-smuggling operation. Does this have anything to do with Garcia's assassination? It might. According to one New York police intelligence source, "The Cuban mission itself is not secure—there are at least one or two individuals on staff who are anti-Castro," and who may have fingered Garcia to Omega 7.

Meanwhile, reports of Cuban government involvement in the drug trade continue to crop up, and are not dismissed lightly by drug-control experts like former New York Congressman Lester Wolff, a liberal Democrat and ex-chairman of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control. Wolff said that in his work with the committee, "We received information that we felt was fairly conclusive, that Castro himself was into this trafficking."

Wolff continued: "An ex-chief of police in Miami, who was formerly with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs—the predecessor of the DEA—told us that he had uncovered some ties linking the Cuban government to drugs, and that he'd sent this information along to his superiors in Washington." But when Wolff checked Justice and State Department files, "the files had been sanitized, and this information was no longer in them." According to Wolff, "No one wanted to connect Cuba with trafficking, either in [the Carter] Administration or in previous Administrations." Asked why, Wolff conjectured it was because, "back before Angola, we were bent on seeking closer relations with Cuba."

Nearly all law-enforcement officials agree that, whatever the truth about the Castro regime's involvement, there is no systematic connection between *anti*-Castro political groups and the illegal drug business. Sergeant Paul Janosky, head of the anti-terrorism unit of the Dade County Public Safety Department, says that "there are various members in various groups who are independently involved in narcotics, but in the three or four years we've been working on it, we cannot say that the narcotics trade is supporting any of the anti-Castro groups."

What the exile groups are involved with in a big way is the weapons trade—both for their own use and for export. This costs money, and where it comes from is a matter of keen interest to law-enforcement agencies. "The New Jersey anti-Castro groups don't have a helluva lot of money," says an FBI agent. "They really operate on a shoestring." According to Emilio Murga, the Los Angeles representative of Abdala, one of the younger anti-Castro groups, "the anti-Castro consensus in the exile community is still very strong. Whether these people would like to go back to Cuba themselves is another story—in fact, most of them wouldn't go back if given a chance, but that doesn't mean they're not very interested in seeing changes made back home." Murga claims that the exile community knows that "revolution costs money," and that Abdala has never had any difficulty in raising funds voluntarily.

Meanwhile, both FBI and local law-enforcement officers in Miami believe Castro's intelligence penetration of the exile community is deep and aggressive. "We've felt for a long time, without being able to prove it," says a former high-ranking FBI agent in Miami, "that a lot of the violence within the exile community, especially in the early years, was provoked by Castro agents or carried out by them."

Be that as it may, terrorism within the exile community has declined sharply over the last two years. Nonetheless Omega 7 and groups like it remain out of reach of U.S. law-enforcement agencies. "To crack them, you'll need a lucky break," says Sergeant Bob Temme of the New York Police Department. "Their timing is very shrewd, very precise. How can you put a bomb down when two cops are standing right

Photos: United States Coast Guard

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there? But they manage to get away with it." Temme says that Omega 7 "has had a reputation, in the past, of not wanting to kill innocent people . . . but terrorism is a progressive thing. You have to gain the attention of the news media, so each thing has to be more startling than the last, until you cross a line you never really intended to cross."

III.

"The soldiers stepped back a little / and they raised their rifles / and they shot in cold blood / and death rang out and screeched / in the grey and red corridor / and the sky was still blue and indifferent."—Armando Valladares

Everyone in Miami's Little Havana knows Martha Valladares, or at least who she is. Martha has become the symbol for thousands of "women who wait" for husbands, fathers, and brothers still in jail in Cuba. Martha is waiting for her husband, Armando, one of Cuba's foremost dissident poets and—since the release of Huber Matos—its most celebrated political prisoner. Armando was jailed in 1960 for "intentions against the state," and sentenced to thirty years.

Since 1974, Valladares has been confined to a wheelchair because of an illness contracted from his bad treatment in prison. But as a hardcore "plantado"—prison slang for long-term political prisoners who refuse government "rehabilitation" programs—Armando continues to criticize the Castro regime in his smuggled writings and paintings. In 1978, a collection of his works entitled *From My Wheelchair* appeared in French, as did a volume of his poetry, *Prisoner of Castro*. These works, along with the adoption of his case by Amnesty International and the PEN Club, have led to increasing international pressure for his release. So far, however, this has led only to stepped up psychological harassment of Martha by Cuban authorities.

"They'll approach a friend or an acquaintance of mine here in Miami," she says, "and through them they'll hint that if I'd just be silent, Armando might be released. Or they'll threaten to hurt him if I don't stop." But Martha remains convinced that the only way to help her husband is to speak out—and when we last talked, she was trying to think of a good way to reach Joan Baez for help in publicizing Armando's situation.

The number and condition of Cuba's political prisoners are open to considerable debate. One lawyer on the Inter-American Human Rights Commission of the Organization of American States claims that "overall, the human-rights situation in Cuba is generally better than it was a couple of years ago." A more pessimistic estimate is offered, however, by Miami sociologist Juan Clark, whose field of study is the Cuban revolution and the resulting exodus. Clark agrees that the revolution has brought about some positive changes: "improved medical care, better racial opportunities, even simple things like public telephones—and of course education has been significantly extended, at least in the quantitative sense." On the other hand, "education is extensively used as a means of political control," and on balance "the revolution's negative factors clearly outweigh the positive ones." Clark claims that the food ration is actually inferior to what slaves were supposed to get during colonial times. The reason no one starves is the enormous black market, in which everybody participates.

Clark's summary of Cuba's situation can be put in one sentence: "The only thing that really functions well in Cuba today is the system of repression, and the architects of that success story are the Soviets and the Czechs." Frank Calzón, executive director for Of Human Rights, a Cuban-oriented human-rights group, agrees, noting that every institution in Cuba has been remodeled along Soviet lines—particularly the prison system. "They work political prisoners seventy and eighty hours a week and, like the Soviets, they give very long sentences—ten, twenty, even thirty years."

Calzón says that Castro believes forced labor will cure anything. "If you write poetry against the regime, you cut cane. If you're a homosexual, you cut cane. If you're a labor leader who's unhappy, you cut cane. If you try to escape, you cut cane." As to numbers, he says, "There's no way a thousand or even five thousand political prisoners could do what the government claims these prisoners are doing—building twenty schools in one province, 11 hospitals in another." Calzón estimates that Castro actually holds between 10,000 and 25,000 political prisoners.

IV.

"Raúl Chibas is the most interesting person I've met in my life."—Fidel Castro to Carlos Franqui
"The more you shout at them, the more you get from them."—Fidel Castro to Raúl Chibas, about the United States.

The continuing disaffection of artists and intellectuals from Cuba probably goes back to the Herbert Padilla case in 1971. Padilla, a high-ranking member of the writer's union and a dissident poet, was imprisoned, and later, in a public recantation, denounced a host of other writers, intellectuals, and painters. "It was horrifying," one exiled artist recalled. "In just a few short hours, Cuban culture was destroyed." As a result of Padilla's forced confession, foreigners such as Jean-Paul Sartre, Octavio Paz, and Simone de Beauvoir publicly turned against the Castro regime.

Raúl Chibas, former leader of the anti-Batista Ortodoxo Party, a major source for Hugh Thomas's monumental history, *Cuba: The Pursuit of Freedom*, and now a Spanish instructor in the New York area, recalls the almost immediate collapse of the revolutionary dream: "When Castro came to power, you couldn't say to the masses 'use your heads.' It was like talking to a brick wall. It's the *people* who make dictators." Chibas remembers that "on Castro's first trip from Santiago de Cuba, old ladies were kissing him and people were touching his beard. It was an incredible scene, fantastic, the sort of adulation that can destroy anyone." And it did: "Castro has no ideology. He believes in nothing but himself. He should have been a Nazi—he would have loved carrying torches at night."

A close friend and early supporter of Castro, Chibas raised money and guns for the revolution in Miami in the late Fifties. But he was neither liked nor trusted by Che Guevara, who preferred Carlos Franqui, leftist editor of *Revolución* (the main organ of the 26th of July Movement), director of Radio Rebelde, and official archivist of the revolution. But even Franqui broke with the regime in 1968 over its failure to condemn the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, and his face vanished from all official photographs. It was then that Franqui compiled his *Diary of the Cuban Revolution*, a pastiche of interviews, documents, and letters from the revolution's archives, which discloses, among other things, Castro's adulation of Napoleon and of Argentina's

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strongman Juan Perón, and Ché Guevara's fawning affection for Stalin's *The Fundamentals of Leninism*.

A militant member of the Cuban Communist Party since early youth, Franqui now claims that "what came after the revolution can only be seen as a disease." He sees Cuban involvement in Africa as "a matter of fleeing forward" from profound economic and social crises. "After twenty years, the people are fed up," he says. "The total deprivation of the Cuban people on all economic fronts has led to massive apathy among the workers. The political apparatus is totally demoralized and the distribution system has fallen apart.

"Actually," says Cesár Bermudez, an artist and former political prisoner who lives in New York, "living in Cuba is like being in the worst parts of a Lina Wertmüller film." Bermudez talked about his own decade in jail: "The first year you recall very clearly. Then it all becomes a blur, because they were constantly giving us amphetamines, so you never knew what time it was. Eventually, it's impossible to distinguish your dreams from reality, and you never know exactly what's happened to you. The interrogation could have been yesterday, or the day before that, or maybe it didn't really happen—or perhaps you were just dreaming about an interrogation you were supposed to have. You never really know."

Worst of all, it wasn't much different outside prison. "In my office there were signs everywhere: pictures of big ears—the enemy is listening; or big eyes—the enemy is watching. Little by little everyone becomes totally paranoid. You think one thing and say another, and eventually it all gets mixed up inside and you don't know what you really think. You start changing buses to be sure you're not followed, and you walk along practicing your alibi for the police—it's insane."

Bermudez claims that "the 'economic police,' as they are called, are supposed to check to see if you're stealing. But to steal in Cuba is natural. You steal for yourself, then you steal for your friends, then you steal to trade with your friends and everyone else who's stolen other things. And that's the only way you get anything in Cuba, because you can't find anything in the stores. But of course, the economic police have the same problems as everyone else; so if you work in a sausage factory, you buy them off with three or four sausages a day, and go on stealing. The only thing that's true in Cuba is repression."

V.

"You created us—and we're the only ones left with a sense of humor about it."—An exile militant

Thanks to massive crop failures and chronic mismanagement, the Cuban economy is a disaster. At a time when the average age in Cuba is dropping, thus increasing the size of the work force, the national economy is staggering, and career opportunities are drying up. This may partly account for the rise of Cuban "internationalism"; the process of channeling internal frustrations into external adventures has a long and hallowed diplomatic history.

The bottom line, according to Edward Navarro, a young American-educated lawyer who now heads the Cuban Rights Committee (CRC), is that "the present regime has failed to deliver on nearly every one of its revolutionary promises. People are willing to put up with just about anything for the sake of the future, but after twenty years of sacrifices, life is hard and getting harder, and Cubans are starting to realize that they've been sandbagged."

The economic failures have intensified discontent with other aspects of the regime: the political repression, the privileges of the Party elite, the wars in Africa that have not been won. According to Father Comesanas, who coordinated refugee relief during the exodus, many of the male refugees are disaffected Africa veterans, or youths avoiding service abroad. And Tania Medina, a Miami refugee assistance caseworker, confirmed that the "large majority of refugees come from the lower classes, working men and their families," including a disproportionate number of blacks—precisely the people the revolution was supposed to help most.

While the exodus has been bad news for Havana and for certain areas of the United States, it has been nothing but good news for the exile militant groups. Recruitment has jumped sharply among anti-Castro organizations after a long decline, and liaison with dissidents on the island itself has never been better. Prior to the Peruvian embassy incident last year, reports of anti-government graffiti, political arson, and even bombings had become increasingly common, and while open dissent has died down somewhat in the wake of the exodus, anti-Castro groups claim that a variety of dissident cells are now operating successfully in Cuba, not with weapons, but with printing presses and radios.

The key question is, will Castro survive? Probably. Castro applies guerrilla techniques to international politics; his handling of the Carter Administration throughout the refugee crisis was a fairly easy exercise. Meanwhile, he drops hints to his own people that the port of Mariel may be reopened, and that one to three million more people may be allowed to leave. As a result, a national "refugee mentality" has been artificially sustained, encouraging people to stay in line in order to leave in an orderly fashion in three months—or six months, or five years, or whenever it suits the government.

Against this, the strategy of anti-Castro exile groups like Alpha 66 has remained virtually unchanged for twenty years. Alpha's modus operandi is to infiltrate bands of commandos, who will then link up with disaffected peasants and ignite a

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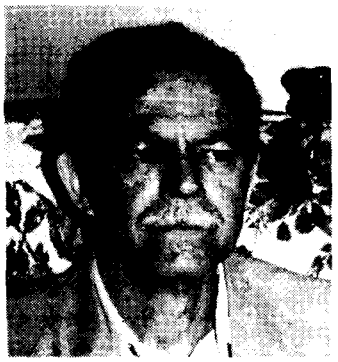
CASTRO'S PRISONER



Huber Matos The Undefeated

LORRIN PHILIPSON

There is something in my situation that gives me more pain than imprisonment itself. It is to be labeled and treated as an enemy of the people knowing as I do that I am part of that people and that their cause is my cause although a considerable distance separates me from the system and the men who rule the country.

Nothing unites me to the latifundistas, *the monopolies, the personages of the old order, nor the crimes, vices, and privileges that the revolution destroyed.*

—Huber Matos, Letter from prison, Havana, Cuba, November 17, 1975

HUBER MATOS, who, as a major in Cuba's rebel army, played a decisive role in Castro's victory over Fulgencio Batista, emerged recently from two decades of imprisonment. During all those years Matos remained a *plantado*—a stubborn one who refused to renounce his views or accept "rehabilitation." As a revolutionary who helped liberate Cuba from Batista's dictatorship and as a man who survived his subsequent ordeal with consummate courage, Matos has become a symbol to Cubans of their aspirations for freedom. He is an authentic hero.

In appearance and manner, Huber Matos offers a striking contrast to Fidel Castro. Matos is small, unobtrusive, with crinkled grey hair and a white sprig of a mustache. If he walked into a room, you might not take any notice of him unless you happened to look at his eyes. Their blue gaze is steely, yet benevolent. He has the look of a man transfigured, a man who has lived his ideals.

For many revolutionaries, theory precludes compassion. But Matos has remained close to his people, at home with the Cuban countryside, and devoted to his family. He says of his wife, Maria Luisa: "She has been, is, and will be to the last day of her life or mine, my life's partner."

He speaks with emotion and reverence of his parents—particularly of his mother, Celestina, "dedicated to her vocation as a teacher" in the town of Yara, in Oriente Province, where Matos was born in 1918. "My father, Rogelio," he says, "worked in the fields and was a judge, a very well-loved and respected man. I grew up with these two orientations—a great love for the life of *un hombre del campo* [man of the fields], and for school. I wanted to be a teacher and transmit the values of a culture."

Matos had to leave school after seventh grade. He studied on his own, however, and, although he could not afford to attend classes at the University of Havana, he was able to pass the examinations that licensed him to teach social studies and education.

The following interview with Huber Matos took place in New Jersey a few weeks after his release, following twenty years in a Cuban prison.

Q: Señor Matos, how did you first become politically involved?

A: In the Forties and early Fifties I worked as a rural teacher and a rice farmer in small villages. I came in contact with the humble, hard-working people of my country, from whom I learned a great deal. Batista's coup on March 10, 1952 altered our lives forever. I joined the revolutionary movement and later left for Costa Rica. I returned with a shipment of arms in 1958 and went to fight in the Sierra Maestra. When we marched into Havana on January 1, 1959, I was one of the five best-known revolutionary commanders. I was the military director of Camaguey Province.

Q: What did you think of Castro at the start and at the end? How did his ideas change?

A: I met Castro on March 16, 1958, the day I arrived in the Sierras. He made a very good impression on me at first as a revolutionary with democratic ideas. For a few months our relationship was personal and generally very good.

He was a man apart, aloof. The only time he spoke to me of Communism, it was to reject it. He was opposed to Communists infiltrating the Sierra. I believed that, as Cubans, they had the right to participate in the revolution.

I don't think that Fidel was a Communist philosophically. I believe he saw two alternatives—he could bring about a democratic or a Communist revolution. He opted for the latter because it offered him the opportunity of becoming the undisputed ruler of the country for the rest of his life. At the start of the revolution the influence of the Communist Party was very small. But in April 1959 I began to see pro-

Miss Philipson is the co-author of a forthcoming Random House book, Freedom Flights, *in which former revolutionaries and other Cubans explain why and how they were obliged to flee from Castro's regime.*

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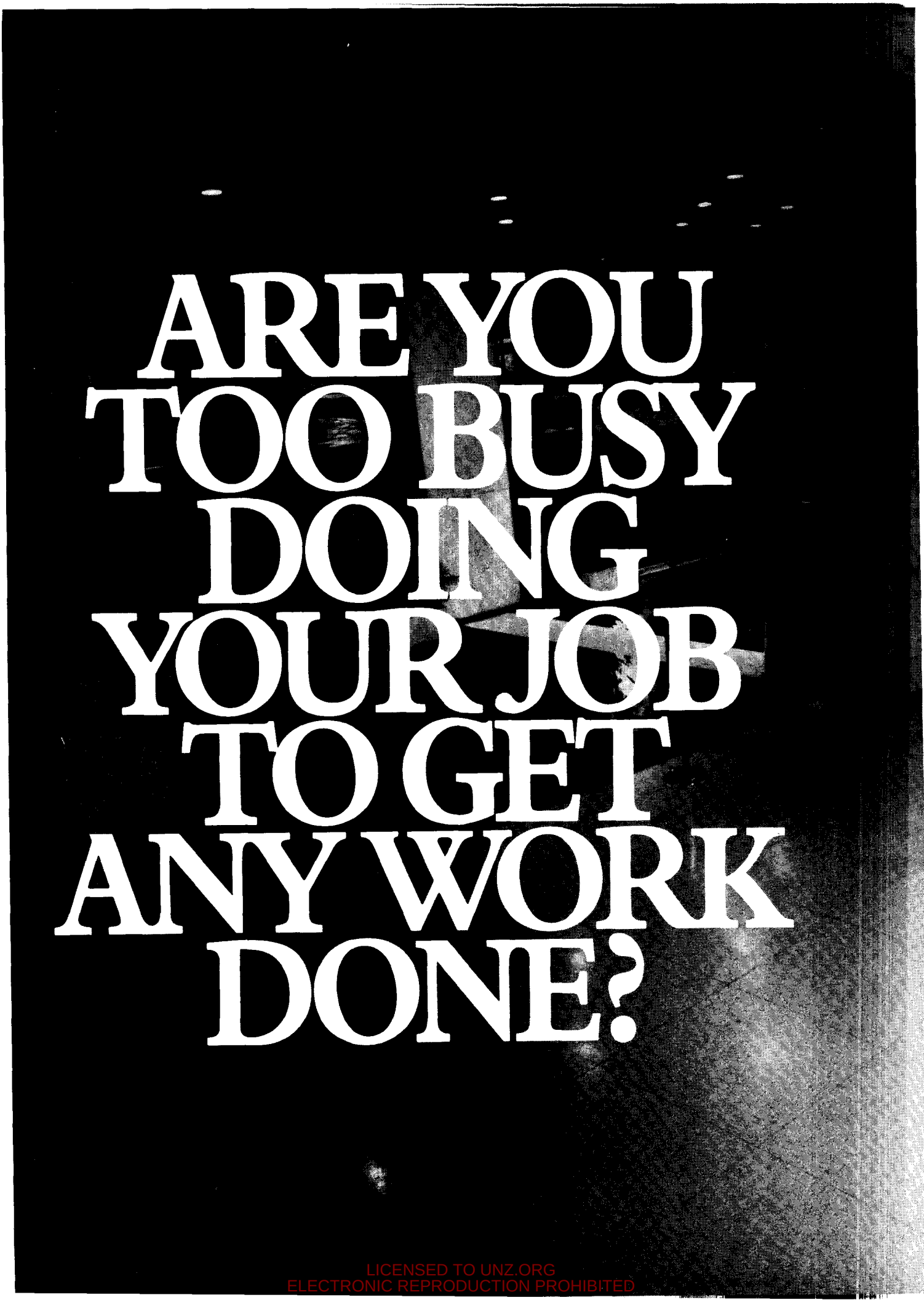

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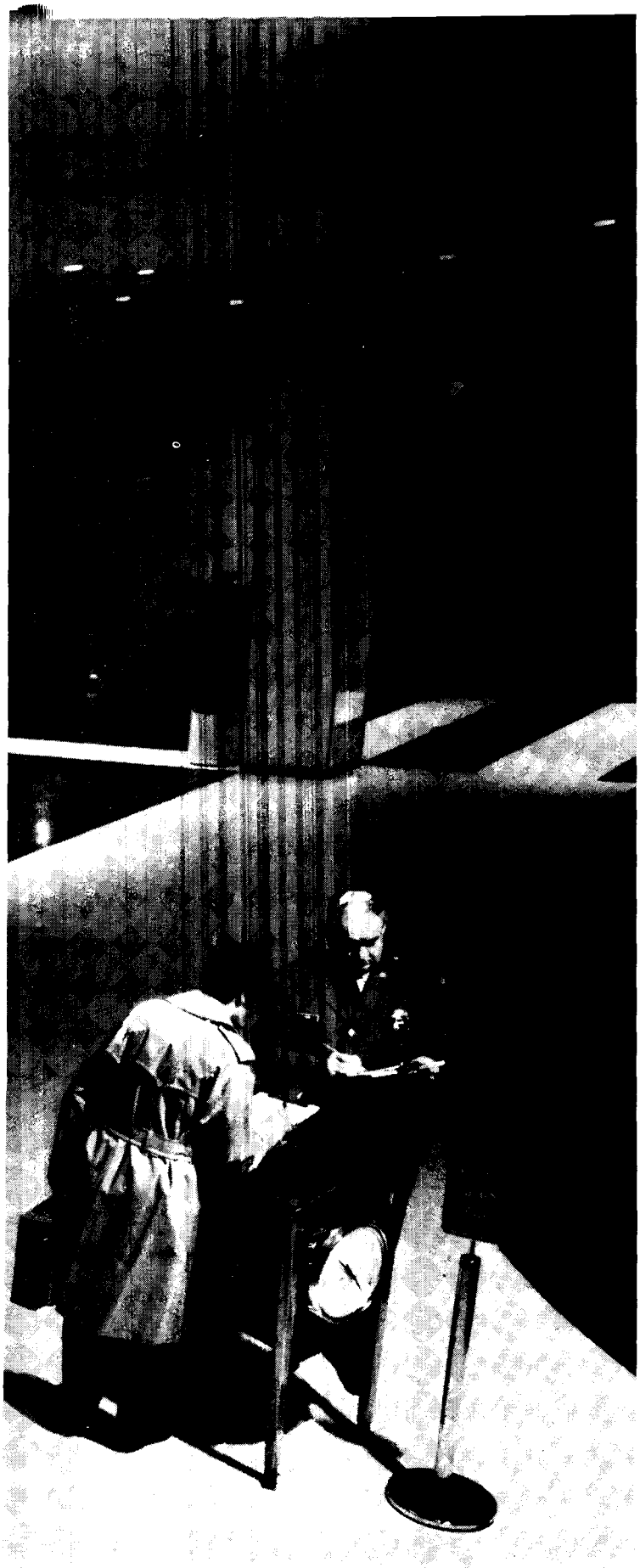

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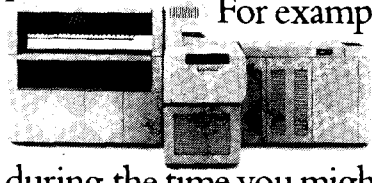

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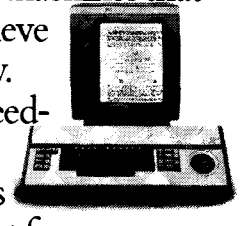

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Communist articles in *Verde Olivo*, the newspaper of the armed forces. These articles were inspired by Raúl Castro. I protested, diplomatically, but Fidel said it didn't matter. By July, I realized he was doing nothing to prevent the Communists from gaining ground. I wrote Fidel telling him I wanted to leave the armed forces. He did not accept my resignation, and on October 19, 1959 I wrote again saying that I could not compromise my ideals by taking any part in helping establish this new Communist dictatorship.

Q: Did all the ideas emanate from Castro, or did he discuss future possibilities for the revolution with other leaders?
A: He always said the revolution was "as Cuban as the palm trees." But when we suggested a council, so that the process might be directed by a collective effort, he would not discuss it. Furthermore, he wanted the rest of us to back him up in whatever he decided.

Castro talks about the people, the revolution, his sacrifices . . . these are arguments to justify his holding power permanently

Q: Is Castro's a case of a well-intentioned man corrupted by power?
A: No. I believe he always aspired to be the chief. That is why he chose the kind of system he did. In a democracy he would have had to give in to majority rule. So the best guarantee for him that he would be able to retain total power was to impose a Marxist structure under one-man rule, as Lenin, Stalin, Tito, and Mao had done.

Q: Who were the strongest influences on Castro?
A: The greatest one was Che Guevara, who convinced him to make his revolution a Communist revolution. He and Raúl were the main influences. I should add, though, that Castro is not a man to let himself be led in a direction that does not suit his purposes. Communism suited his overwhelming desire, which was to be the only one in command. Castro, of course, always talks about the people, the revolution, his sacrifices, etc., just as Molière's Tartuffe spoke of the heavens, God, and his own charitable deeds. In Castro's case these are artful arguments to justify his holding power permanently.

Q: What of Che Guevara and Camilo Cienfuegos [another of the early revolutionary leaders]?
A: Well, I thought Che was my personal friend. He was an intelligent man, who thought a great deal and saw a lot. He was half adventurer and half idealist—two very different things. On the one hand, he had a sense of justice and the desire to do something important, but on the other a longing for great enterprises, many of them not thought through. He told me that he had been in Guatemala when that government was overthrown in 1954, and then he went to Mexico where, one day, he met Fidel and, just like that, got into his car. And just like that, and just as casually, he would have taken on another revolution had he not been killed in Bolivia. In his youth, he told me, he went up the Amazon River to find its source, climbed a volcano, and so on. That's how he was—a man who would undertake any adventure without much thought.

Q: How did Cubans regard Che? And in the end, why do you think Castro sent him to Bolivia so poorly equipped?
A: Che was not popular. he did not have the gift of winning the masses.

It is possible that Castro authorized the Bolivian campaign to try to extend his influence on the continent. But you must also remember that Che had a breathless desire to be a soldier of fortune. He loved to play a dangerous game. And since Fidel is amoral—a man without scruples—his natural inclination might have been to further his ends by exposing or sacrificing Che's life.

Camilo was a different sort. He was a man of the people—easy, *simpático*, a fine friend and an excellent comrade, without any firm doctrine. He could win people over; one could easily identify with him. He was kind. We were very good friends.

The unpleasant task of arresting me in Camaguey fell to him. Since we were such good friends I think Fidel chose him in order to—well, you understand—to set us against each other. But no, the first thing Camilo did was to excuse himself. Afterward, even when he attacked me in a speech, I saw that as a practical need on his part. He never had any animosity toward me. I could tell that from the manner in which he repudiated the accusations against me. He tried in every way to counter the charges and to prevent Fidel's betrayal of me. Eventually Camilo disappeared. . . .*

Q: What was different about the Cuban revolution?
A: Cuba's revolution differed from others in that the people ended by taking complete control of the very military forces which had maintained the old order. It was also different because the revolutionary leadership had a completely new, broad perspective. Imagine how electrifying it would have been if we could have given the example of a revolution brought about by laws emanating from the people, if we had convened a constituent assembly to guarantee that.

There could have been a council to study Cuban problems and to draft the necessary revolutionary laws. But Castro refused to open these matters to discussion, preferring instead to reserve enormous power to himself. That the United States spurned the Cuban revolution was due to Castro's hostility and to the early totalitarian tendencies that would eventually lead to a Communist dictatorship.

For us, the non-Communist revolutionaries, what was of

*After taking over from Matos in Camaguey Province, Cienfuegos disappeared. Some believe that his plane did not crash—that he arrived in Havana, and that Raúl Castro killed him out of jealousy. Hugh Thomas writes, in *The Cuban Revolution*: "The chief argument of those who allege foul play is that Cienfuegos's aide, Major Naranjo, was shortly afterward killed, and *his* assassin, Major Beaton, was also killed in 1960. A nurse later found insane said in Miami in 1960 that she had nursed Cienfuegos in a Havana clinic. Roberto de Cárdenas, captain of the base from which Cienfuegos was supposed to have taken off, suggested that the flight was a put up job, that no one saw Cienfuegos in the plane and that several others either killed themselves or were overpowered."

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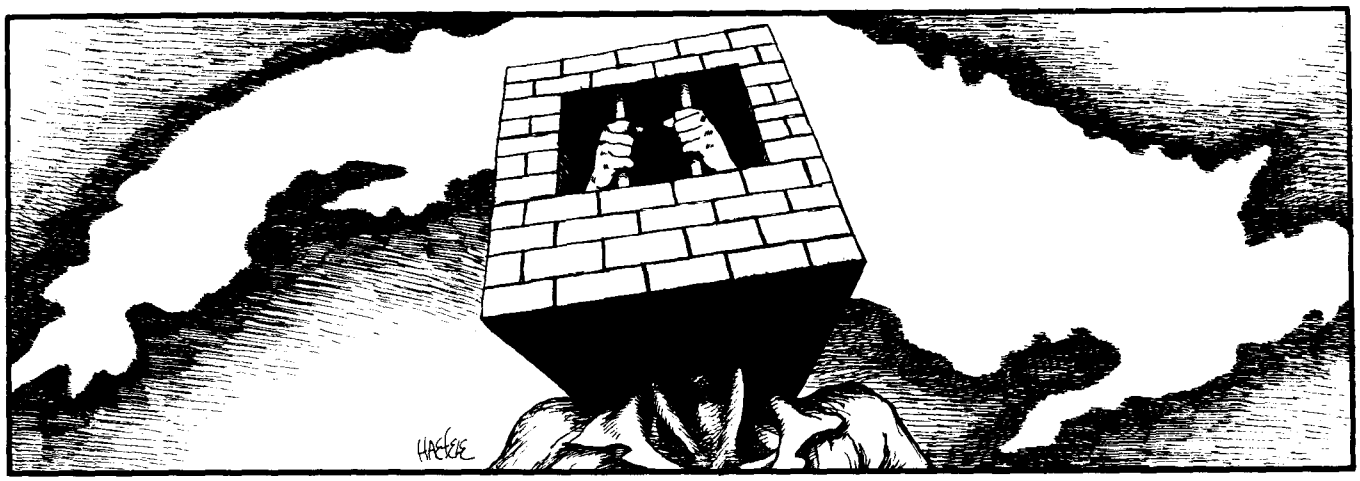

utmost importance was to preserve liberty. We could have shown America and the world that a revolution can be brought about by democratic means, without trampling on the people. If we are to compare the Cuban and the Mexican revolutions, you must remember that we had both popular opinion and the armed forces on our side. The masses supported the rebel army, and both were ready to push for all reforms by rightful means—popular consent and assemblies. The Mexican revolution, as you know, was chaos from the start. By contrast, the Cuban revolution had power, direction, and cohesion. Unfortunately it finished by being anti-democratic. It began by emancipating, and finished by killing the very liberty it had won. Today it is a more implacable dictatorship than Batista's.

Batista did not order executions for nameless crimes against the state. Under Fidel, a pseudo-legal framework covers death sentences which are in many cases just licenses to murder. Finally, there is this difference: ours was the first Communist revolution in America; Cuba is a Soviet dependency. Castro calls it a free territory, but it is an appendage of the Soviet Union.

Q: In November 1979 an international symposium on prisons was held in Havana. Describing Cuba's penal system, Sergio del Valle, then Minister of the Interior, stated: "Our work has been and will continue to be based on one fundamental premise: complete respect for civil rights and human dignity." He emphasized that "inmates are given up-to-date, complete medical and dental care which is all-around and continuous." What were the circumstances of your arrest and how were you and your compatriots treated in jail?

A: In Castro's Cuba the words are beautiful; the facts are ugly. After I resigned and asked to be permitted to return to teaching I was tried on charges of slandering the revolution (by calling it Communist). This was in December 1959. Later, the charge was changed to treason. At my trial, Fidel at first attempted to have me sentenced to death. He chose members of his staff for the tribunal, and he directed the trial himself. He was also the principal witness against me. But he didn't dare have me shot because I had many friends among the leaders of the armed forces and among the troops. So, Fidel tried to ensure that I would somehow be killed in prison. He sent emissaries to tell me I would never leave prison alive. During the Bay of Pigs, one of Fidel's officers came to tell four of us that in case the invasion succeeded he had orders to kill us.

In prison the worst treatment was reserved for those who had been closest to Fidel. He was implacable against his former comrades from the Sierra Maestra. There was never any justification for the punishments we received—they were intended to terrorize, to destroy you physically and psychologically. The guards treat you bestially. They arbitrarily throw out your few belongings—a cup or toothbrush—or put you in solitary, where you are completely dependent on your keeper: you have to ask his permission to go to the bathroom, and when he's not around you have to use the floor. They tried to turn me into a madman by keeping me in solitary for 16 of my twenty years in prison. I was there six and seven years at a stretch. They put me in *tapiadas*—underground cells that were stifling and polluted from kitchen fumes, with sealed windows and only small holes for air. For more than a year I was in a concrete box, sleeping on the floor without clothes in a room totally empty except for cockroaches and rats. Sleeping naked in those conditions led to various infections and a skin disease I still have. A small tumor on my face oozed continuously. One time they thought I was going blind because my eyes were so infected I couldn't see.

On May 13, 1973 I was beaten so fiercely that my left arm remains semi-immobile. There was no provocation for the beating; it was gratuitous. That is the agony of prison. At 1:00 P.M., fifty jailers entered our cells. They dragged us out, one by one. We were stripped of our clothes and beaten and trampled. I suffered broken ribs and bruises all over. When they had finished, I was dragged away like a sack and thrown into a cell. I had to wait a year and a half for medical aid, which finally came because my arm was becoming paralyzed. After four years of massages and a friend's help in exercising it, my arm improved, but it has regained only 25 per cent of its strength.

Cuba's penal code states that a prisoner's needs will be taken care of, but here again the facts are ugly. Even in the hospitals there are needless deaths. A colleague, Cesár Paez, died in 1977. We had tried for two years to get him medical assistance before they finally took him to a hospital. They said later that he died of some disease, but we knew that was not true. Alberto Cruz was another. He died following an intestinal operation because of unsanitary conditions and

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lack of post-operative care. There are many such cases. A prisoner who goes to the hospital knows that he is in grave danger of death. Once I was denied medical attention for six years. When I did go for treatment I watched carefully and refused anything that seemed suspicious.

In an attempt to change some of this, I went on six hunger strikes, for a total of 231 days. In March 1968 I started one that continued for 165 days. I ate nothing for the first thirty days. When they saw that I was unconscious and dying, they force-fed me intravenously. This was a form of torture because the liquid was just enough to keep me alive without nourishing me. I looked like those pictures of concentration-camp prisoners. I had to drag myself across the floor to get to the bathroom. I was literally skin and bones, no muscle. As a diversion I used to feel my bones, touching what was left of me. Finally, when they realized that either I was going to be paralyzed from avitaminosis or I would die, they gave me medical aid. They knew my will was to die rather than submit to their abuse, but they wouldn't let me die because I had convinced them that my death would constitute a denunciation of their revolution.

I was literally skin and bones, no muscle. As a diversion I used to feel my bones, touching what was left of me

Q: How did your release finally come about?
A: Four days before I was freed, they told me they wanted to talk to me about my freedom. They took me to a large room, not to talk but to beat me. They said they wanted to explain the conditions of my liberty. After twenty years in prison I *refused* to discuss conditions. I had served my term; freedom was my due.

Finally I said, "Stop all the pretense and beat me. That's why you brought me here." I took off my glasses, stood behind a chair, and told them what a cowardly thing they were doing. They talk about respecting human rights, and then what they do is beat you. I told them I had already informed my family that if I died, it was because they had killed me. I had sent out a paper saying, "I, Huber Matos, accuse Fidel Castro, Chief of the Council of Ministers and President of the Country, of whatever act may end my days. It will not be a natural death, an accident, or suicide, but premeditated murder, and therefore I will be accusing you from the tomb if anything happens to me." They said, "Yes, we know such a paper exists because we found it in the possession of one of your friends." I replied, "Yes, but many were written because you cannot trust just one person. And you must know that one of these documents is outside Cuba." They were furious.

The room was full of fancy draperies and very expensive furniture. Cuban Communists love luxury. God knows what houses they took these things from.

Despite my long years in prison, I remained a fighter, a teacher, a man of action. I assumed a fighting stance. Then they changed their tune and said: "Hey, listen. We're going to take you out. It's just that we want to talk to you." First came the soft approach; the violence would be later. I answered, "Look, I know every individual spends the next to last day in his cell. If you're going to let him go, you come and get him from prison. You give him a letter of freedom, he signs it, and goes off into the street. What you are doing is different. This is the police, politics. Go ahead and beat me. I will defend myself." They assured me nothing was going to happen. I went out, and they beat and kicked me, pulling me in different directions until the skin on both my hands peeled off. Then they threw me to the ground and continued beating me.

Afterward, they put me in the back of a small car. The colonel in the front turned around and struck me with his fists. They tried to keep me from talking, and I tried to bite their hands. During the whole trip they held me down. They said, "Ha! You thought we were going to let you go. You will never leave prison." Then they put me in a very luxurious cell. These are for foreigners. The ones for Cubans are abominable. This one had lamps, a private bath, and the most comfortable bed—as plush as anything in the United States. It's a farce, pure comedy. They threw me on the bed face up, not daring to let go of me or take off the handcuffs. They hit me again, and I staggered into a chair. Four men rushed to take it away from me. I grabbed a table and threw it, breaking it into pieces. I began to destroy everything and spent the next two days or so like that.

I was put in another cell, where I broke up everything in the bathroom as an act of rebellion. I tore my shirt to shreds, the buttons off, everything. They told me to take a bath, that a committee from the Costa Rican government had come to ask for me, and there was no other choice but to let me go. I didn't believe a word of it. They insisted, "Take a bath, stop fighting, eat something. Shave, get ready, the diplomats are coming for you. Your family will be here in the morning." But I would not budge. They insisted that if I didn't do as ordered they would have to tell the delegation I did not want to be set free.

(Continues on page 184)

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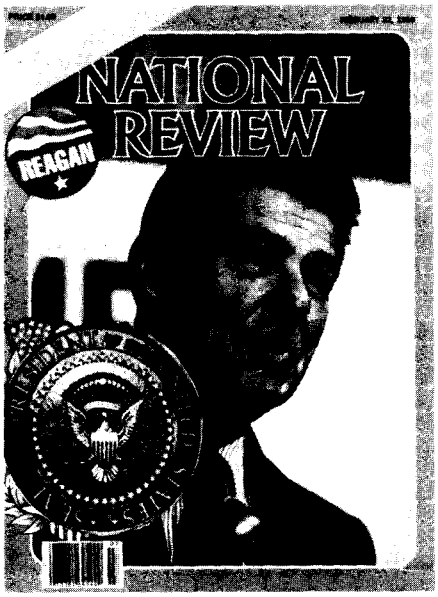
This is no time to be without *NATIONAL REVIEW*



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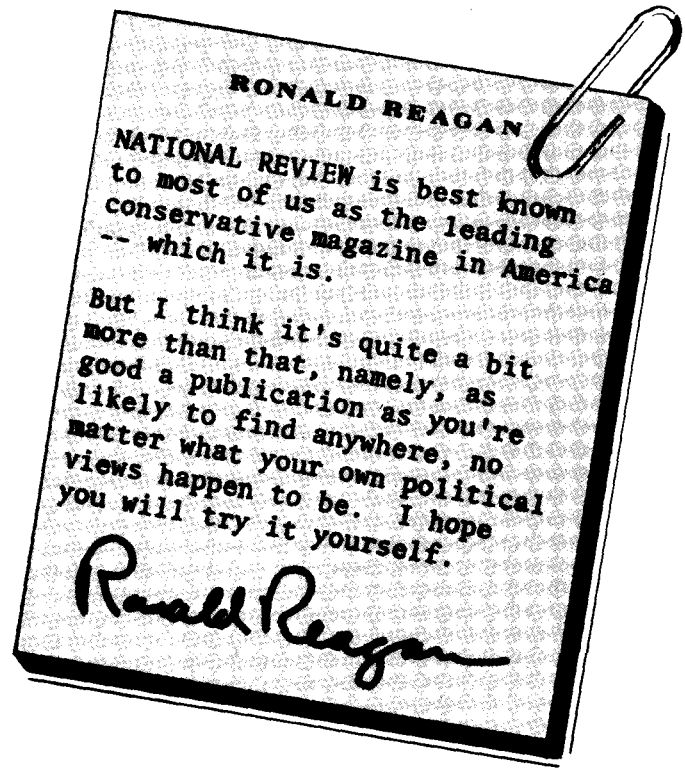
RONALD REAGAN

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Ronald Reagan

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helo !!!!

The Twenty Per Cent Solution

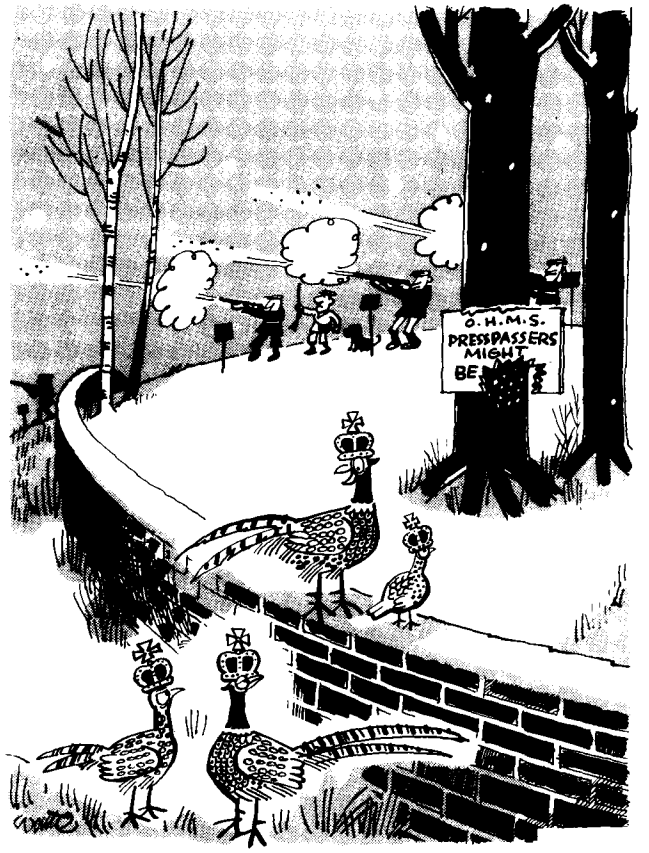
Dr. Donald Waldrip, the Cleveland school system's administrator of desegregation, has ruled that "at least 20 per cent of each basketball team should be white."
—News item

As Cleveland goes, so goes the nation.
Down with full-court segregation!
To make everything all right
One in five must be pure white.

Basketball was once a game
Where each boy's merit had full reign.
The kids, beginning in their teens,
All played in shorts—not cut-off genes.

But what are things like skill and talents
Compared with backboard racial balance?
Sportsmanship has lost its clout.
And Dr. Waldrip has fouled out.

—JACK KIRWAN



Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Rothco

"Relax, they're only shooting journalists."

MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. ©1981 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
HAIG TAPES? YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE GUY IN CHARGE OF THE WATERGATE DIVISION...
NATIONAL ARCHIVES
SUBPOENA
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Yes?

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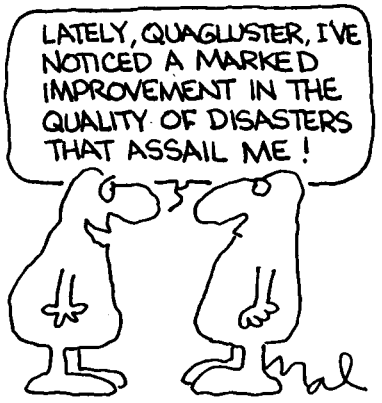
Tugg, *Punch*

Rothco

"I find myself sitting here waiting for it to cross its legs."



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SOUTH BRONX

A Crusade Goes Sour

NICHOLAS KING

IT'S BEEN almost three and a half years now, and the media hype has been over for a long time. What solidarity there was has gone. People are fighting like dogs over the money that's left." It sounded like an epitaph, coming from the mouth of a young parish priest, and it is.

He meant the eon since the legendary scene of President Carter standing in the rubble of Charlotte Street, wakening the public conscience to the South Bronx. The South Bronx is certainly no longer viewed as a running sore on the body and spirit of New York, and, by pregnant transfer, on the body politic of other American cities. It has become an institution, full of didactic exhibits, some of them even audiovisual, which trace human decline in the late twentieth century. The exhibits point out that it is nobody's fault, but more like a chapter of natural evolution that just happened. The remains lie silted like a Mesozoic fossil, laid bare now in its original element for the instruction of the public. A Bronx councilman has even asked the Soviet Union for foreign-aid funds to help rebuild the place.

Especially now, in the late winter, when the scurf has long frozen in the gutters and the vigorous poplar and ailanthus saplings shake their branches against the cold in the scrawny fields that have reassumed the empty lots. The watery sunlight picks out details in what has the air of a classical landscape of ruins, crisscrossed in the foreground by cracked grey pavement. Row upon row of shadowy windows in the rough surfaces of brick make a composition of forms which define a surface patina of age. Even the air, choked with particles of shimmering dust, helps the illusion of antiquity. The photographers with their features on social justice have come and gone. Now is the turn of the landscape painter in this modern ruin of Rome, and a handful of Puerto Rican kids playing with their mangy dog stand in for the peasants and their ruminating kine as scale-figures in the middle foreground.

What the place looks like is well worth emphasizing. It is wonderful to reflect that these burned-out and collapsing apartment houses surrounded by heaps of debris, reminding every moviegoer of the aftermath of a war (they have been used by German film directors dissatisfied with their own ruins), should lie untended and once again unnoticed only twenty subway minutes away from the opulence of mid-Manhattan. There, the space is so valuable that builders pile one great diamond-lit tower on top of another. Here, the ground is vile and useless. And the South Bronx is coming the way of all American cities, if it has not already arrived. It is the inward-breaking abscess of modern urban life, a life in which the price of economic growth seems to be social corruption.

General Carter in Action

It is not the only desolated district in New York; there are parts of Brooklyn just as bad. But it is the most visible and the most defenseless politically. Passengers stuck on their commuter trains to Greenwich on a summer evening get out and wander through the broken glass and brick, staring at the baleful spectacle with eyes like saucers. After the requisite moment of soul-searching, they retain it as no more than a "sight" in their memory, something they know they had nothing to do with, and probably can do nothing about.

The South Bronx has been sinking for many years. No one knows quite when the cycle of decay began, whether it was with the deterioration of the buildings and the insufficient rents paid to landlords to maintain them. Or with the decline in police, fire, and sanitation services which drove the middle-class residents away. Or the rise in crime which occurred when the population "destabilized" because of the rhythmic influx and exodus of the slum poor, in latter years blacks and then Hispanics. Or the city's helplessness in the face of rising maintenance costs once they had been thrown in its lap by landlords who claimed they were going broke. Or when the houses were burned for insurance or kept derelict by the tax-shelter sharks.

Mr. Carter acted with natural shock and disbelief when he stood in the middle of all this and called, like a general, for a map and a radical change in the plan of campaign. A lot of locals, including many in City Hall, thought this was the signal for a renascence or, as they called it, a resurrection of the South Bronx by means of vast new housing developments and thousands of new jobs financed by federal money. But the months passed and only the task forces proliferated, not houses or jobs, and the messages from Washington became circumspect. Carter would not and could not bail out New York, even using such a dramatic device. Washington saw the city's poverty machine as a spoils system which would produce some well-paid, short-term administrative jobs in new agencies and a lot of glossy brochures touting rehabilitation plans, but little else. After all, $2 billion had been poured into the South Bronx in the preceding decade and what was there to show for it?

But still, a real project did materialize for Charlotte Street, at least on the books, $30 million worth of new housing, and this seed might very easily blossom into a $1.5-billion redevelopment program for the whole of the South Bronx. Such, at any rate, was the conception of Mayor Edward Koch. Then in February 1979, the city's Board of Estimate killed the Charlotte Street project outright, and with it these grandiose hopes, 16 months after Carter's visit.

The immediate reason was perfectly sound—that an isolated housing project in the middle of a blasted heath with no jobs and no neighborhood to go with it could not succeed. Furthermore, the particular message from Washington at that time was not encouraging. But it was a terrible psycho-

Mr. King, a frequent contributor to NR, *is the author of* George Bush: A Biography, *recently published by Dodd, Mead.*

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logical blow to everyone concerned. It meant the will to undertake a major rehabilitation project in the South Bronx did not exist.

Psychology isn't everything, but it is much, as the moviemaking of *Fort Apache* bears witness. The people who now live in the South Bronx, specifically the Hispanic majority, were told they would have no access to the inheritance which all Americans, native or alien, are ever more insistently told they must expect. Not, one supposes, that they set much store by it, despite the welfare checks. They work, the ones that have jobs, in Manhattan restaurants and bus terminals and garment sweatshops, for the unions will not let them do "good" work like construction—and they return at night to their own dim, cold, hidden lives, turned inward in a casbah without communication to the outside city.

There, crime is committed against their own—65 of the funerals one priest conducted in his first five years were homicides—and drugs and alcohol are the palliatives, or, more accurately, the ransom. By day they stand aimlessly on the street corners or, if it is cold, around a packing-case fire in an oil drum. It begins to sound like a gruesome tourist attraction. And behold, there go buses full of Japanese businessmen or trucks with French television camera crews to lock up some footage of the urban future. American tourists from the South or the Middle West do not tread here, however. They are watching the sprouts of the South Bronx in their own backyards. At their most innocent, other Americans regard it as a local peculiarity, an ugly idiosyncrasy produced by the generally wicked state of New York.

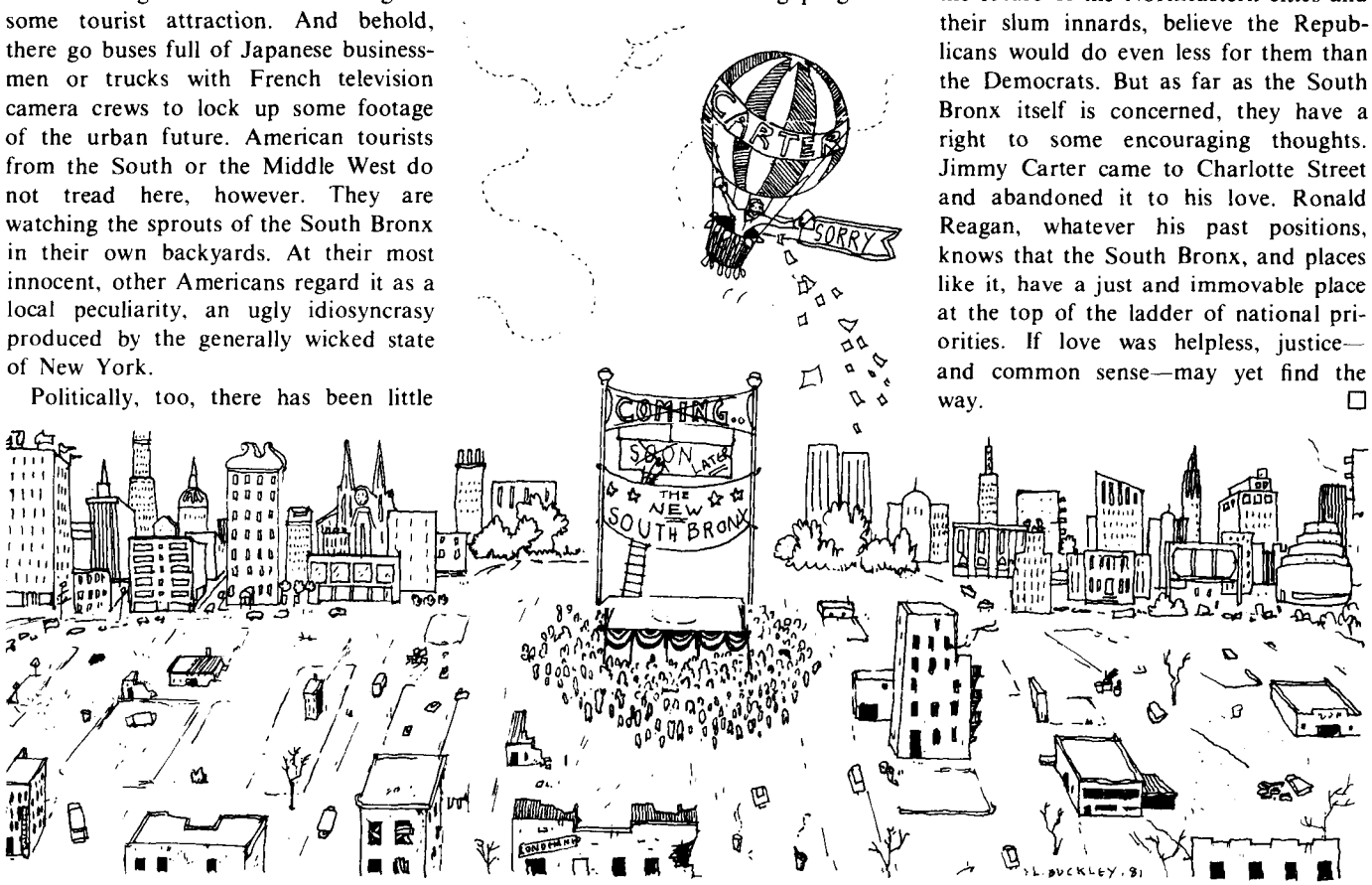
Politically, too, there has been little hope. The Hispanics do not register to vote in large numbers, much less go to the polls, although now block organizers here and there are attempting to change the habit. And the census, which should benefit the huge Hispanic population of the city, estimated roughly at two million, does not record the children or the aliens or the shut-ins or those otherwise hidden in the back rooms. It is significant that only one Hispanic leader of citywide stature has emerged so far, and that one, Herman Badillo, left his job as Deputy Mayor in disgust and defeat after the Charlotte Street debacle.

The Politics of Justice

The South Bronx has been totally abandoned. There are always new plans, like the recent, "practical" one which, with a comparatively modest shelf-price of $375 million, would place the emphasis almost entirely on rehabilitating existing buildings, a practice so far not very effective. And there is a provision, as usual, to create new jobs through a laborious enticement of industry, along with those inevitable training programs that are a euphemism for keeping the young off the streets. Badillo described it at the time as a capitulation to those who maintain that nothing at all should be done, which may be excessively bitter but is not completely off the mark. As usual, too, people are still waiting to see results.

It may be too bald to say that the South Bronx has used up its allotted store of good will and compassion, but the thought does suggest itself. One notices that there are fewer stories about it in the newspapers; that politicians speak less of it, and that the occasional editorials that continue to appear on the subject are likely to be headed, with a sigh, "The Bronx Again." Or, as a recent foundation report on the future of the city put it with bleak and condescending finality: "At this late date, we believe that it makes more sense to accept the verdict of the residents themselves that certain areas are unsalvageable. Accordingly, the city's funds and energies should be concentrated on those marginal neighborhoods where the residents seem determined to stay."

Will the changes in Washington make any difference? Many people, fearful of the future of the Northeastern cities and their slum innards, believe the Republicans would do even less for them than the Democrats. But as far as the South Bronx itself is concerned, they have a right to some encouraging thoughts. Jimmy Carter came to Charlotte Street and abandoned it to his love. Ronald Reagan, whatever his past positions, knows that the South Bronx, and places like it, have a just and immovable place at the top of the ladder of national priorities. If love was helpless, justice—and common sense—may yet find the way. □



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RACE, PLEASE?

On Becoming American

GEOFFREY WAGNER

In 1980 the United States accepted for potential citizenship over three-quarters of a million more foreign nationals than were taken in by all other countries combined. U.S. taxpayers spent $2 billion supporting refugees from Cuba, Haiti, and Indochina alone. Americans saw whole cities Balkanized into hostile foreign-language communities and expressed their disgust at illegal immigration in poll after poll. Twelve million "illegals" live in this country (as against two million in 1970), many from Mexico, where the waiting time for a legal visa to the U.S.A. is now ten years. In the *New York Times*, John Crewdson claimed that "practically anyone who wishes to and who can afford the passage can come to the United States, legally or illegally, and stay for months or years, if not for good." Clearly, the new Administration has to face this problem.

It has been called insoluble. Every solution studied by Alan Simpson's Senate subcommittee on the subject met some sort of liberal roadblock along the route. It was said that mass roundup and deportation would be illegal, as well as impossible for our Immigration and Naturalization Service. The reverse, Carter's total-amnesty idea, was killed in Congress after due fury was heard from constituents. A requirement that illegals return to their home countries and apply from square one was opposed as overburdening consular posts overseas. Hispanics claimed that instituting a work permit, which seems reasonable enough, would subject those with Spanish surnames to unconstitutional search.

As a legal alien, I discern, and deplore, two erosions here: one is that blur between immigrants and refugees which contrives to make us see the two as the same; the second stems from the first—we are seduced into thinking that *all* immigrants come here to get away from somewhere else. Of course this was always part of the equity, but never the whole ideal. I came *to* America; I did not escape *from* England. I suspect not only that many of those arriving here in 1980 had little understanding of American democracy, but that some of them had a full-blooded contempt for it.

When I arrived in Hoboken on an ex-World War II Liberty ship, I lined up, along with perhaps a dozen others, in front of a desk manned by an Immigration and Naturalization officer. The ship had brought back from Europe the flotsam of its time—GIs on leave, many blacks (then called Negroes), a few professors, and the first of those hordes of indigent and enthusiastic American students who were to astonish Europe in the years to come. Like myself, one or two were coming over to fellowships at universities swollen with Veterans' Administration grantees. It was a fun group, and a mixed one. I stood behind a French count, Gunnar Myrdal, and two German DPs (displaced persons, from concentration camps), one a girl who cried all the time. The Immigration official was polite but firm. He asked me what my race was. It was not a question I had ever been asked in England. I answered, "British," and hoped for the best. "You mean Caucasian," he said, and I felt rather grand.

Ex-Wretched Refuse

We were quota-visa immigrants—the "wretched refuse" and "huddled masses" of Emma Lazarus's famous poem. Not many of us had much money, currency restrictions being what they were. We had applied at American embassies in the countries of our origin to be included in the annual quota of such nationals allowed in by the United States. I will not dwell on the equities or inequities of the famous or infamous McCarran-Walter Act, beyond saying that it seems to me perfectly permissible for one nation to admit as few or as many of another nation as it wants to (Russia, anyone?).

In any event we arrived, were heavily documented (I was fingerprinted in a police station), and instructed that for five years we would report regularly our whereabouts and occupations, only leaving the country after a visit to the IRS to clear our taxes. Any extended residence in one's country of origin would mean forfeiting the chance of citizenship. After five years we could file a Declaration of Intention (i.e., to become a citizen), whereupon a further two years of investigated good behavior would have to pass; at the end of this period we would be summoned to take an examination in literacy and American language, history, judicial system, and so on, and then appear before another examiner with witnesses to character. Having passed such muster, I then joined the most ethnically mixed group I have ever seen in my life, swore allegiance, and was naturalized. The paper confirming this was a proud document for many.

Uninvited Guests

Today it seems absurd that America tolerates not a handful but millions of illegal aliens. To those Italians and Poles who waited decades to get into quotas it must seem outrageous that some of these illegals now have at hand whole legal systems, with bevies of lawyers defending their "rights"—whatever those may be. In this topsy-turvy world one realizes that today illegal aliens are more and more regarded as disadvantaged, and usually as emergency cases to be accorded special treatment. And you're a redneck if you share the indignation of generations of *legal* aliens. For the social-service democracies of the West are comfortable enough by now for it to be mostly Third World states whose citizens are clamoring to be let in—despite, in so many cases, the lauded glories of their sundry socialist paradises. Recently a TV personality pleaded for the Iranian illegals by saying they were our guests; all I know is, my guests are invited, they do not clamber clandestinely into the garden.

America is a concept, not a mere certificating paper. At present its citizenship is in danger of being treated by some aliens as is the convenience flag of Panama by freighter shipping. For this reason, the next time I am asked my race I intend to say American. □

Mr. Wagner's next war/spy thriller, The Killing Time, *will be published later this year.*

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SUPPORT THE POPE

Catholic Christians need a monthly magazine devoted to the high-level discussion of general ideas that **stands with Pope John Paul II** in his struggle to save Christian orthodoxy from Hans Kung and other doubting theologians who have had a field day undermining the faith of a generation of Catholics. Just as *Commentary* magazine is the sensible alternative to the *New York Review of Books*, so Catholics need a sensible alternative to the network of Catholic opinion journals purveying dubious theology and pre-Christian morality. Now they have it.

We are a "Catholic *Commentary*," not a "Catholic *American Opinion*," because we believe defenders of doctrinal orthodoxy must not allow themselves to become captives of the radical right.

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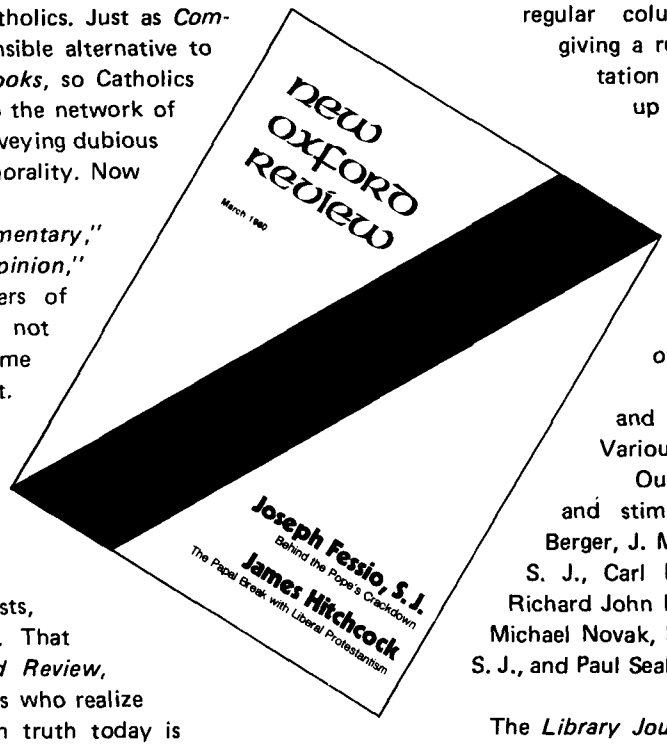

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Out of Many—Many

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

LISTENING to the men and women from northern Europe who are working with charitable organizations in the southern Italian earthquake area throws interesting sidelights on the reasons for Italy's current malaise. These helpers are impressed by the calm stoicism with which the people are taking their terrible losses. They also tell, however, of thieves who grab their "share" of the gifts coming from all over the world, of the confusion emanating from the central government, and of the absence of team spirit among those appointed locally to help.

One day some Austrians were erecting container housing—small, one-room units with all the facilities necessary for two or three persons. The pre-fabricated parts are assembled quickly and then put in place by crane—from which at that moment an emergency post office was dangling while an Italian official and the local mayor carried on a furious debate over where it should go. After half an hour of listening to this acrimonious *conversazione*, the Austrians, who needed the crane elsewhere, decided it was time to act and simply put the post office on a spot of their own choosing. This satisfied neither contestant but enabled everyone else to get on with the job.

Fluent . . . Tuscan

Some years ago, while touring southern Italy, I had the opportunity to talk at length with an official who came from the North, from Trent. "Make no mistake," he told me, "these people are very difficult. They are not on the same wavelength with us, but they are very intelligent, and they are certainly not lazy. But, being fiercely individualistic, they have never learned to cooperate." On the same trip, I had great language difficulties with an engineer in Naples who compromised between his dialect and literary Italian, but none with the cave dwellers of the Sassi di Matera, who spoke perfect Italian. "You speak Tuscan very well," they told me. For them, Italian was simply the Florentine idiom of Dante, a foreign language they learned in school. This gives us a hint of the troubles besetting Italy, a country of many different races and ethnicities hidden (as in the Germanies) by a common artificial language.

What, then, unites all Italians, if not the language? To some extent, nothing does—in many cases, a man from Venice, Rome, or Florence will think of himself as a Venetian, a Roman, or a Florentine, rather than an Italian. This is not surprising, since Venice, Rome, and Florence (among many other cities) have far older and more glorious histories than does the country called Italy, established as such only in 1881. Before that, as Metternich noted, "Italy" was little more than a geographical term, even though there were certain cultural-linguistic ties throughout the Apennine peninsula and, especially among the educated, a certain sense of belonging together.

Still, what has really united Italy has been a common faith—a faith which is now in crisis. Though Italians were rarely ardent churchgoers, though there were plenty of non-believers, though, for many Italians, their religion never affected morals very deeply, still the real effectiveness of the Catholic faith cannot be overestimated. After the end of the monarchy, the only father figure to survive was the Pope. The great electoral victories of the Christian Democrats in the Forties and Fifties gave rise to the saying that the Papal States (which had ceased to exist in 1870) now extended from the Alps to Sicily.

The aftermath of Vatican II put an end to the Church's ability to act as a cohesive force, and there was nothing to take its place—no independent tradition of rule of law as in England, for example. And it has become clear that Italians, if not moved either by affection and an interior guiding light or by brute force from outside (as under Fascism), just will not obey or cooperate or conform. There is no real authority left in Italy, and the notion that one could run such a nation by a periodic electoral counting of noses has been shown to be impracticable, to say the least. Both political and ordinary crimes —abductions, blackmail, and murder— highlight the present Italian scene, along with countless strikes.

Assassination has a long tradition in the Mediterranean area, which fosters both types of crime. Italians have always liked to name squares and streets after Guillermo Oberdank, the would-be assassin of Emperor Franz Joseph, and assassins and murderers, for whatever reasons, were always treated leniently, even under Fascism. But under Mussolini there was, after all, a semblance of law and order. The Mafia was not stamped out, but it was kept in check. Italian life was passed, generally speaking, under the eyes of the Vatican. And at least some memory of the Ten Commandments survived, somehow, in the hearts of all, anticlericals, atheists, and criminals included.

Breakdown

But now, in Italy, we are faced with what seems to be a complete breakdown of both authority and morality. Journalists with good contacts among political criminals publish their messages as scoops in widely read weeklies: excellent propaganda for the Red Brigades, who, following an old Italian tradition, are actually anarchists. Berlinguer is cashing in on the positive side of Mussolini's rule, which, as we all know, "made the trains run on time." In his *Comrades and Christians*, David L. Kretzer reports that thousands of Italian Catholics now vote the Communist ticket. Schizophrenics? More likely, people who want a consistent ideology, who want law and order from whoever offers them.

These Italians may not have read de Maistre, but the words of the great Franco-Italian conservative should ring a bell in their minds: "Millions of people can be ruled only by religion or slavery, by one or the other, or by a combination of both." They would do well also to recall Dostoyevsky's remark: "If God does not exist, *everything* is permitted." □

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Needed: Another Kind Of Control

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

A CONSTANT THEME of discourse in the nation's capital is the "uncontrollability" of the federal budget. It is a note so frequently sounded you might suppose the nation is on autopilot.

The way it works is this: Congress sets up benefit programs—unemployment insurance, food stamps, Medicaid—triggered by certain fixed criteria: joblessness, income levels, age, whatever. Those who meet the standards, regardless of their numbers or the resulting costs, are entitled to the benefits in question. Thus the designation of such programs as "entitlements."

It is estimated that 77 per cent of the federal budget consists of outlays of this sort, which means three-quarters of the national spending total is determined, not by the conscious, ongoing decisions of our lawmakers, but by external economic forces. If unemployment goes up and income levels go down, the entitlement thermostat jumps into action, and additional billions start flowing from the Treasury.

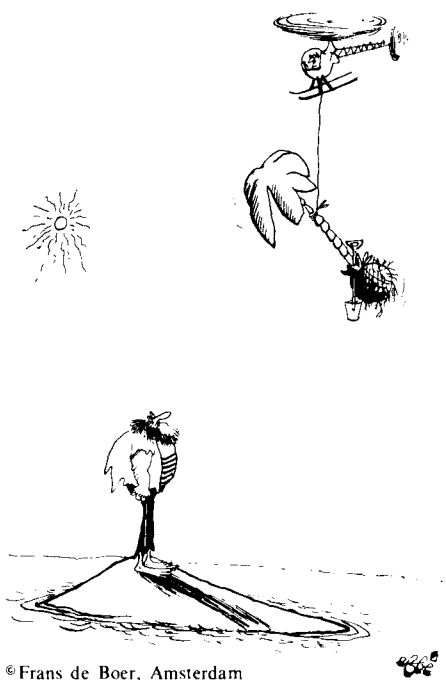
Stockman's Quest

This is the process that has so alarmed the Reagan economic counselors, and has been the source of repeated warnings by David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget. Because of the way in which external factors drive the budget, problems for the coming year will be much worse than originally imagined—spending of $662 billion, and a deficit of $60 billion or so, according to the present forecast. Hence the Stockman quest for drastic budget cutbacks.

Actually, the problem is worse than even this scenario would indicate. "Uncontrollability" has been built into federal fiscal practices across the board. Not only do we have the automatic spending increases, we also have the automatic tax hikes, produced by the interaction of inflation with the progressive tax system. Nominal incomes rise, pushing taxpayers into higher brackets, but real incomes remain the same—while additional billions flow into federal coffers. To this process, our legislators have thoughtfully tacked on a series of automatic pay boosts for themselves and other federal employees.

The spectacle of federal fiscal policy running itself like some enormous gyroscope suggests the need, not only for drastic spending cuts, but for reforming the procedure by which such things have been permitted. On the taxing side, indexing of tax brackets to reflect real rather than nominal incomes is urgently required, and has been suggested from time to time in Congress. On the spending side, something must be done about the automatic triggering mechanism which disburses dollars with every unfavorable blip on the nation's economic radar.

Stockman is seeking to gain control of these mechanisms. While leaving the thermostat in place, he wants to set it, wherever possible, at a higher level. He urges, for instance, that we tighten up on eligibility criteria for unemployment benefits, public-service jobs under the Comprehensive Employment Training Act, certain benefits under Social Security, student loan guarantees, and so on. In pursuing such objectives, he will receive plenty of political flack; but he will also get substantial backing from economy-minded members of Congress.



©Frans de Boer, Amsterdam

One area that cries out for such reform is food stamps, the entitlement program par excellence. Food-stamp spending has more than doubled in the past six years—from $4.7 billion to $10.8 billion—and the end is nowhere in sight. This vast explosion has occurred because eligibility standards for the program have been casually established, and even more casually enforced. Symptomatic of the problem was the "reform" adopted in 1977, which eliminated the purchase requirement that was one of the few real safeguards against abuse. (See this column, September 30, 1977 and June 13, 1980.)

Helms's Package

Now that there is a Republican Senate, and a more conservative House, authentic efforts to tighten up on food stamps may be expected. Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.), the new chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, is preparing a comprehensive package that would screen out ineligibles, crack down on fraud, increase the authority of local administrators, and establish a work requirement for able-bodied recipients. Senator S. I. Hayakawa (R., Calif.) will have a bill specifically focused on the workfare aspect, utilizing the results of pilot projects conducted in seven cities. Representative Eldon Rudd (R., Ariz.) will have a bill based on a 12-point program he submitted to the previous Congress—including restoration of the purchase requirement.

All of these proposals are in the drafting stage and should be dropped into the hopper within the next few weeks. The complexity of such corrective actions *v.* the easy upward progress of the food-stamp spending totals suggests the lethal potency of the "uncontrollables" as a device for mulcting taxpayers. What will eventually be required is not merely individual efforts to undo the automatic workings of the process—as important as they are—but a systematic program for dismantling it. Of which, more later. □

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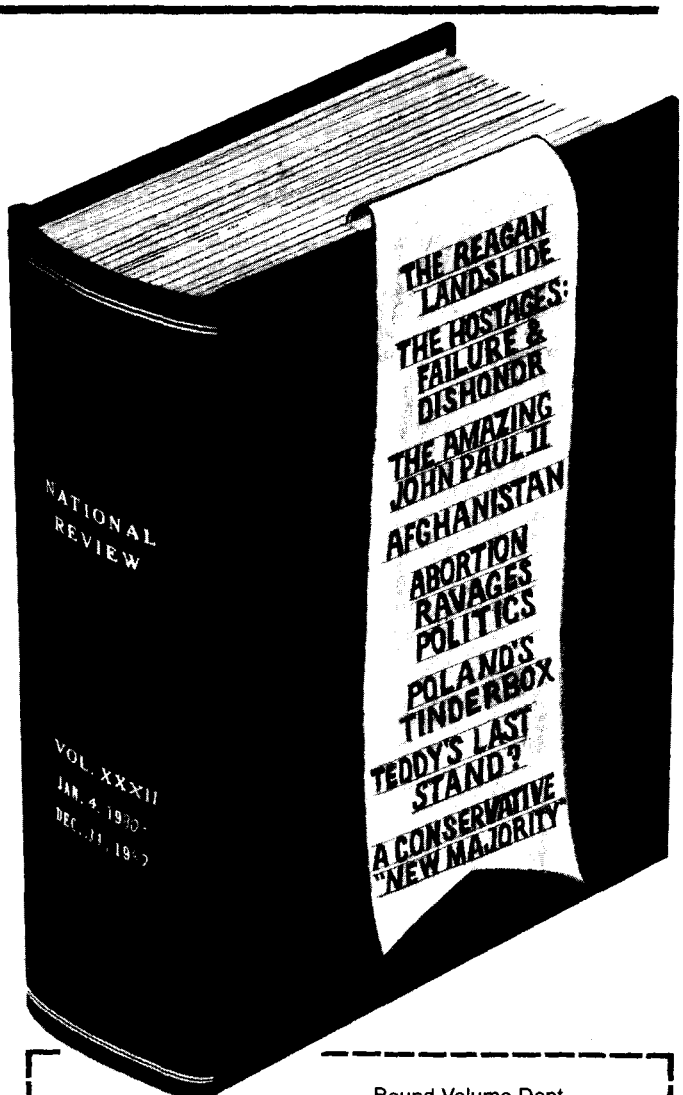

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Books Arts & Manners

Oral Blah

Lyndon: An Oral Biography
By Merle Miller
Putnam, 645 pp., $17.95

JACK CHATFIELD

Merle Miller's "oral biography" of Lyndon Johnson is not really a biography at all. It is not even a book. It is a bulky file cabinet crammed full of the unsifted reminiscences of men and women who had known Lyndon Johnson in one capacity or another since his birth on the banks of the Pedernales 72 years ago. Mr. Miller, identified by G. P. Putnam's Sons as the author or editor of this documentary material, is better described as a file clerk. In this less exalted position, Mr. Miller has proved himself assiduous, but hardly competent.

Some of the accounts in the files, of course, are interesting and informative. Some—like Hubert Humphrey's or Joe Rauh's—are colorful and compelling. Others are implausible, sentimental, or utterly fantastic. And too many of the accounts are pedestrian, predictable, or formulaic. Mr. Miller, who is utterly devoid of the historical imagination, does not seem to understand that memory acts as a kind of patchy fog which hides certain features of the landscape while leaving other features exposed. He does not see that oral history—like conventional history—is an immensely perilous undertaking. He does not, in fact, understand what oral history *is*.

In his Preface, he makes a reference to the Oral History Project at Columbia. But this great institution has produced transcripts, not "oral biographies" like *Lyndon*. And Mr. Miller's choice of T. Harry Williams's *Huey Long* as a model for his enterprise is unfortunate. This ponderous and formless tome served only to demonstrate that Professor Williams had suffered a loss of mastery and that his great work was behind him. If Mr. Miller wanted models, he should have read *Lincoln and His Generals*. But if he had, he might have junked his whole project. That would have been regrettable, though it would have freed me from hours spent in an intellectual sweatshop with this insufferable and nearly interminable product of the non-imagination.

These are harsh words, but they are not ill-considered. Merle Miller is an innocent who is unequipped to undertake an historical endeavor on this scale. He is the Parson Weems of "oral history." The complexities, the subtleties, the underground channels, the elusive threads, the contours of the past—these are beyond the grasp of this indefatigable compiler.

Mr. Miller, haunted by phantoms of the past and present, is simply unable to meet the challenge posed by the Machiavellian resourcefulness of memory. In some of his connecting "narratives," he seems to rely upon his own memory and, in doing so, enters a fairyland of the imagination. He is the "author" of an "oral biography" of Harry Truman. It is remarkable, then, to read his account of 1948 and 1949, a time of heightened cold war tensions, rising defense budgets, and atomic-spy scares:

> True, most nuclear scientists said that it was not necessary to steal anything; once it was known that such bombs were possible, scientists in any country would figure out how to build one. But then it was also said that most nuclear scientists were Communists themselves. J. Robert Oppenheimer, sometimes called "the father of the atom bomb," had once been intimately associated with members of the Communist Party, and was, many thought, a Party member and/or spy. And what about Alger Hiss, who most people thought had been an assistant secretary of state *at least*.
>
> Moreover, it was believed that a whole atomic bomb could easily be smuggled into the United States in a small briefcase and, once it was detonated, half, maybe three-quarters of the population would be wiped out. It is easy enough to scoff at such ideas, but they were real enough at the time.

This "narrative" of one of the critical

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periods in the life of America and of Lyndon Johnson bears about the same relationship to the early nuclear age as the side-wheelers of Disneyland bear to *Life on the Mississippi*. The espionage of Klaus Fuchs and Julius Rosenberg, which presented the Russians with precious and perhaps indispensable information about the mechanisms of the implosion bomb, is brushed aside as inconsequential. So it may seem to the man who can write in 1980 that "any country" can produce an atomic bomb. As for the suspicions directed against "most nuclear scientists," I would like to see a list. And finally, is it possible that Mr. Miller's inflamed imagination has confused certain fears of the thermonuclear age with those of the age of Hiroshima and Nagasaki? For in his account—which fails to mention the Russian atomic blast of September 1949—the unwieldy bombs of the 1940s have shrunk in size as they have gained in megatonnage. Clearly, the history of these years is too important to be left to the "oral historians."

When Mr. Miller is not spinning fairy stories, he is likely to commit serious blunders. He tells us, for example, that Senator Joseph McCarthy "had no difficulty being re-elected" in 1952. The fact is that he had a good deal of difficulty. He ran at the bottom of the ticket in Wisconsin and may have been carried into office on Eisenhower's coattails. Mr. Miller again reveals himself to be the captive of enduring myths. It is significant that he cites in his bibliography Richard Rovere's dated and badly flawed study of Senator McCarthy, and that he is unaware of the distinguished and balanced revisionist work of Robert Griffith and Richard Fried. These two scholars suggest that McCarthy's power, though quite real, was probably exaggerated by those who feared him as well as those who admired him, and that the Senator's popular support was never as great or as steady as it seemed—although I do not mean for a moment to minimize the impact of a man who was politically demented and who threatened to poison some of the wellsprings of our national life.

As if historical myths and lurid fantasies are not enough, Mr. Miller commits unforgivable sins of omission. The few pages on the Korean War and the Truman-MacArthur controversy are worthless. The passages on the Bricker Amendment are suggestive but ultimately useless. There is no mention—none whatsoever—of John Foster Dulles. There is no discussion—none whatsoever—of the important doctrines of limited war, deterrence, massive retaliation, or counterinsurgency. There is no exploration of evolving strategies of air power in the postwar world. Characteristically, there is no interview with Maxwell Taylor.

It is evident, then, that Mr. Miller is not prepared to tell us very much about the Vietnam War. The reminiscences of men like Harry Ashmore are misleading, and those of "witnesses" like Wilbur Cohen, then an under secretary of HEW, are affronts to the intelligence. The failures of *Lyndon* are thrown into brilliant relief by Mr. Cohen's account of a Cabinet meeting in 1967 during which he raised questions about the Vietnam War. He tells us that he was deeply affected by a conversation with his 14-year-old son the night before, and that he challenged the President to defend our presence in Vietnam. He claims that Mr. Johnson took half an hour to deliver an answer that made "no sense whatsoever." "*I can't remember the words now*," recounts Mr. Cohen, "*but it was very shocking to me.* If he had given that answer publicly, he would just have been laughed out of court."

The italics are mine. Clouded by the passage of time, colored by sentiments that may belong more to the Nixon than to the Johnson years, conditioned by a thousand events in the private and public worlds, shaped perhaps by the tone of the interview itself, Mr. Cohen's recollections illuminate the perils of "oral history." For what is memory but a priest performing the rituals of his holy office, bringing order and meaning, and perhaps immortality itself, to our narrow and murky lives? □

M. E. Bradford *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas.* . . . **Jack Chatfield** *teaches American history at Trinity College in Connecticut.* . . . **Judith Chettle** *has contributed reviews to a number of South African and American papers.* . . . **Nereo E. Condini** *is a freelance critic living in New Jersey.*

Alexander Hamilton: A Biography
By Forrest McDonald
Norton, 464 pp., $17.95

THE CASE FOR COLONEL HAMILTON

M. E. BRADFORD

With his new biography of Alexander Hamilton, Forrest McDonald has confirmed his place in the front ranks of American historians, as perhaps the most useful and perceptive interpreter of the early years of the Republic. This is a book toward which McDonald's career has been building for almost two decades, informed by his unparalleled grasp of the economic and financial origins of the country and by his earlier studies of the Administrations of Washington and Jefferson. Rarely have skills in advocacy and great learning combined to better purpose. Rarely has history been better written, with such verve and panache, with so much sense of the drama (and present importance) of bygone struggles and heroes too long confined to frieze and marble by the unimaginative laziness of merely formal piety.

Alexander Hamilton: A Biography is the most persuasive study of its subject yet to appear, and the best apology for this ambitious young Scots immigrant from the Indies, who became the first Secretary of the Treasury under George Washington, that we are likely to see in this or any other generation. But most importantly, McDonald's *Alexander Hamilton* opens again the question of the origins of our national identity and suggests a refinement of the received interpretation of that subject, which has been distorted by misunderstandings of the issues which separated Hamilton from his enemies—and sometimes from his friends.

McDonald is quite convincing on the subject of Hamilton's intellectual formation, his readings, his early radicalism, and the subsequent change in his thought produced by his studies in David Hume and in the theory of the laws of nature and nations. He is excellent on Hamilton's military experience in the Revolution, on Hamilton as lawyer, and on the division of labor (and philosophy) between Madi-

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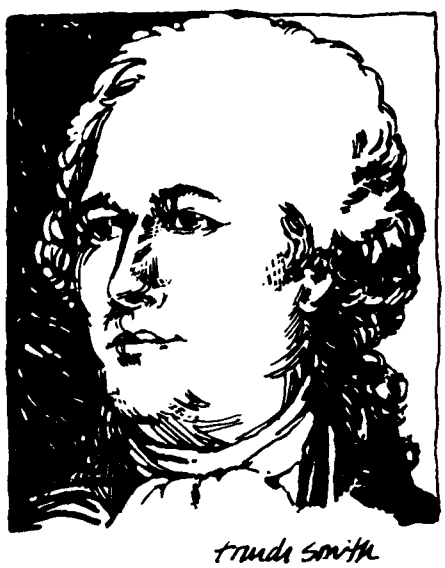
son and Hamilton in composing *The Federalist*—a division which foreshadowed the political conflicts which the two youthful Framers were to have after the new Constitution of the United States had been ratified in the various member commonwealths. And McDonald's discussion of "Hamiltonianism," the system for funding the state and national debt, and for the creation of a currency, is the finest that I have seen. But what most distinguishes this biography from the works of Schachner, Mitchell, Hacker, and Miller is McDonald's grasp of the mainsprings of Hamilton's personality, his hunger for the fame and honor that was owed to the lawgiver or "founder," the American Lycurgus.

One may object that there was more of the *arriviste*, the *parvenu*, in Hamilton's frenetic emergence at the center of the political and social arena of New York and of the country at large than is suggested by McDonald's narrative of the grandson of Alexander Hamilton, Laird of Grange—the illegitimate child who rose to the top. Certainly not everyone who took offense at Hamilton's "push" was a decadent Southern aristocrat or New York patroon who expected deference from near-orphan immigrants of no particular connections. Hamilton, who usually got on with the upper crust and despised the pretensions of the mob, was a man of extraordinary gifts—almost a prodigy. But the confidence he exuded (whatever may have lurked behind it) contained a touch of swagger and hyperbole that earned him enemies throughout his career. We can understand such aggressiveness as a reflex born of a lifelong struggle with the stigma of his origins. The youthful officer, attorney, and statesman was indubitably at almost every moment of his adult life out to prove something concerning his personal worth and merit. Yet we are reminded as we read Professor McDonald's account of the final quarrel with Aaron Burr—and of the fatal duel by which it was concluded on July 11, 1804—of an axiom of rustic moral philosophy: If you are going to challenge everyone in sight, it is a good idea to learn how to shoot a pistol.



What signifies, however, is that even though we come away from this biography understanding why a contemporary might have wanted to fight Hamilton, we are left nonetheless with the lasting impression of a man we would be forced to respect and perhaps admire. The "monster" of Anti-Federalist mythography has been exorcised. And in his place stands an exceptional young man—a figure of courage and character, even when greatly mistaken in his views.

Concerning Hamilton's "high-toned," teleocratic theory of the state and of the uses of concentrated federal power in fostering the wealth and glory of his adopted country, McDonald gives us a definitive exposition. Coming as I do from a lifelong commitment to the "Opositionist" tradition of the Old Whigs, the Country Party, which was (contrary to recent explanations) old, even ancient, when Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, enlisted in its cause, I cannot accept the proposition that placemen and plutocrats necessarily make for better politics than the combination of an educated yeomanry and landed gentry.

Nor can I accept the idea that principled localism is the equivalent of "provincialism." Most of the Southern statesmen of the early Republic actually had a far more cosmopolitan background than their counterparts from the North. Moreover, as wise men like Virginia's George Mason always insisted, there was a sectional flavor in Federalist definitions of the common good—plans for tariffs, navigation acts, commercially minded courts and banks. Hamilton was never the national figure he sometimes pretended to be. Or (as is more likely) he never comprehended the given, plural character of the American political identity as an *a priori* condition of national cooperation, already in place when he arrived from St. Croix to prepare for college in New Jersey. That we were, as a people, to be either *one and many*, or else achieve no unity of any kind, was an axiomatic point of departure for most of the

RANDOM NOTES

■ Theodore Shackley warns in *The Third Option: An American View of Counterinsurgency Operations* (Reader's Digest, $10.95) of the Soviet Union's increasing propensity to sponser insurgency around the world, and recommends that U.S. intelligence forces combat it through covert and paramilitary activities. Shackley himself spent 28 years with the CIA. We hope William Casey reads this one. . . . Robert A. Divine argues in *Eisenhower and the Cold War* (Oxford, $14.95) that President Eisenhower's foreign policy was skillful and effective in keeping the country out of war, and that he used John Foster Dulles less as his Big Stick than as a blind behind which he worked to reduce international tension. . . . In *Coming Alive: China after Mao* (McGraw-Hill, $12.95) Roger Garside, who served as First Secretary in the British Embassy in Peking from 1976 to 1979, has written fascinatingly of the post-Mao years: the Gang of Four, the poster war on Democracy Wall, the rule of Deng. He also writes of the years 1968-70, when the Cultural Revolution was in its most brutal phase, and cannibalism was not unheard of.

Zane Kotker's *White Rising* (Knopf, $11.95) is an historical novel set in New England at the time of King Philip's War. Miss Kotker has made her narrator King Philip himself; her theme is the tragic conflict between the white and Indian cultures. . . . Taylor Branch, the peripatetic Washington journalist, has written his first novel, called *The Empire Blues* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95). It concerns a Washington magazine writer who sets out to do an investigative story about Cubans in Miami. Prognosis uncertain.

The Killing of Karen Silkwood: The Story behind the Kerr-McGee Plutonium Case (Houghton Mifflin, $12.95), by Richard Rashke, argues that the plutonium company did in fact engineer Miss Silkwood's death and that the FBI deliberately concealed proof of the murder. His thesis is not likely to convince. —CW

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Framers of the Constitution of 1787, those with a lifetime of American experience behind them. Impatience with the multiplicity of the states, like protectionism, was simply ahead of its time, with no constituency available to effect its designs.

But, with these reservations aside, Forrest McDonald obviously is correct on his major point concerning the Union and Alexander Hamilton. For it was Hamilton's view of the American things which finally prevailed—with results that few would entirely condemn. And McDonald is correct in pointing out that, once Hamilton's revolutionary work was done, he devoted himself to the tasks of preservation, in opposition to "leveling" and the nostrums of the French Revolution. If for a time he was, like Julius Caesar, creating a new order out of the ruins of civil war, he was also, like the Roman hero of such men as Gibbon, interested in preserving through unity the best of the virtues fostered by an older regime.

In McDonald's final chapters, the Hamilton I most admire appears—the Hamilton who warned us against the dangers to the nation posed by European ideologues, who declared of the egalitarians of his day that they were "courting the strongest and most active passion of the human heart, *Vanity*." The example of that Hamilton, schooled by Blackstone, Hume, and Swift, will not soon pass out of date. Nor will McDonald's interpretation, which has brought it to life and made it available for our instruction. □

The Obstacle Race
By Germaine Greer
Farrar, 373 pp., $25

PAINTING LADIES

NEREO E. CONDINI

To the plethora of literature on heredity versus environment, male versus female, social conditioning, and, ultimately, aesthetics, Germaine Greer has made an intelligent and readable contribution with her latest work, *The Obstacle Race*, beautifully illustrated in a sturdy and handsome edition. The careful research, blend of warm intuition and cool reason, lively style, and nicely seasoned wit merit nothing less than this fine edition, for the book will most likely prove to be as durable as it is distinctive.

Starting from the premise that men and women are equally capable of genius, Miss Greer proceeds to give us a modern apology for the fact that there are so few women artists of the first rank. The reasons she adduces fall into three major categories: external historical and political realities, internal social conditioning, and Western aesthetics. Although contending that the most serious obstacles women artists have had to face are internal, Miss Greer spends considerable time on the external ones, for these are the only ones that are truly documentable—women painters who also wrote were rare.

THE male-dominated family, the hazards of child-bearing, the severely limited possibilities of receiving good technical training, the impaired chances for the survival of their works because their efforts were directed to the minor genres—these are the main historical disabilities under which women have labored.

More insidious and destructive, however, are the internal obstacles confronting the woman artist, burdened with the traits of the oppressed personality. Self-censorship, hypocritical modesty, insecurity, self-deception, emotional dependency upon men, timidity, poverty, and ignorance are traits which in Miss Greer's graph of sexual politics have been fostered in women by society at large. How can one expect to find the dedication to art so essential to the great painter in "women [who] are conditioned to place their love first, to value it above all other forms of satisfaction that life may offer"? How can women gain lasting fame, when historically they have been viewed as muses, not creators, and therefore have been hampered by a lack of judicious criticism, subjected to tokenism, humiliated by being judged on the basis of sex alone, and, worst of all, made suspicious of their own sexuality, separated from their own libido.

These theses of Miss Greer's had already been set forth in *The Female Eunuch*. She reinforces them in *The Obstacle Race* with aptly chosen quotations drawn mainly from contemporary women painters and writers—a technique strongly reminiscent, in its illuminative effect, of Eliot's *Elizabethan Essays*. For instance, to show the philistine nineteenth century view of women artists, she quotes *The Marble Faun*, in which Hawthorne casts Hilda in the role of the "true" woman artist:

> Reverencing these wonderful men so deeply, she was too grateful for all they bestowed upon her, too loyal, too humble in their awful presence, to think of enrolling herself in their society. Beholding the miracles of beauty which they had achieved . . . all the youthful hopes and ambitions, the fanciful ideas which she had brought from home, of great pictures to be conceived in her feminine mind, were flung aside, and . . . relinquished without a sigh. All that she would henceforth attempt —and that most reverently, not to say religiously—was to catch and reflect some of the glory which had been shed on canvas from the immortal pencils of old.

From this portrait Hilda emerges, to the modern mind, as a woman wholly lacking in sense of self and in artistic vision. (On the other hand, Miriam, the woman with real talent, is portrayed as great, but evil.)

IN TRACING a history of women painters from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century, Miss Greer finds that the split between so-called male and female characteristics pervaded Western aesthetics: the male leading to "great" art, such as heroic, outsized historical depictions; the female to minor art, such as flower painting, primitives, miniatures. The exceptional women who achieved greatness had to play the game on men's terms. Ironically, it was the emergence in the nineteenth century of the middle-class view of art that has led to the proliferation of women artists in our time—ironically, because the bourgeois insistence on morality and domesticity sapped the vitality of art itself, leaving hypocrisy and sterility in its wake.

With these rather gloomy pronouncements, Miss Greer chooses to conclude her history, having sought redress of the wrongs committed against women artists (much as Sarah B. Pomeroy did in her books on male political supremacy in ancient Greece and Rome) not in an abstract way, but through a careful study of an impressive collection of data. The raison d'être of *The Obstacle Race*, though, appears to lie elsewhere. Factual knowledge is a basic ingredient of understanding; heightened conscious-

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ness is the essential ingredient of change. This perspective governs Miss Greer's book, which seeks to make women aware of what the creative urge is and of what they are.

> There is then no female Leonardo, no female Titian, no female Poussin, but the reason does not lie in the fact that women have wombs, that they can have babies, that their brains are smaller, that they lack vigor, that they are not sensual. The reason is simply that you cannot make great artists out of egos that have been damaged, with wills that are defective, with libidos that have been driven out of reach and energy diverted into neurotic channels.

Subjective though this last assertion may be, Miss Greer's book preserves all the same a quality of truthfulness and provides us with a fresh insight into the woman artist in Western civilization. Fortunately, this enormous task has not been accomplished at the expense of style, for *The Obstacle Race* is utterly engrossing. Of how many art histories can this be said? □

A Dry White Season
By André Brink
Morrow, 316 pp., $10.95

ON NATIVE GROUND

JUDITH CHETTLE

It is easy to forget one's first impression of a book that subsequently became a classic. Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* was published in 1948, and our memories of it are likely to be a blur of tangled images and phrases, even though by now it has become a staple of most lists of required reading. In spare and elegiac prose, Paton wrote movingly of the grief of two fathers involved through their sons in the conflicts of a racially divided South Africa. The political values were implicit, the emotions carefully orchestrated, and Paton's anguished pity and fear for his beloved country was a clear, unwavering light shining through a night of increasing darkness.

In the thirty years or so that have followed, nothing has been written that is quite its equal. Nadine Gordimer and Athol Fugard have reached wide audiences, but never with the same immediacy as Paton. Moreover, within South Africa itself, their impact was diminished by the fact that all of them are from the English-speaking section of the white community, unlike the majority of the whites, who are Afrikaans-speaking. Until quite recently, Afrikaans novelists have written either escapist potboiler rubbish or interesting linguistic experiments that have tended to ignore the realities of South Africa. A more formidable group of novelists began emerging in the 1960s, but it is only in the last decade that Afrikaners have begun writing about the same tragedies that Paton described so long ago.

André Brink is one of the most able members of this group, and a measure of his impact is the fact that several of his previous books have either been banned or had their publication delayed by the South African government. His most recent book, *A Dry White Season*, is a moving account of one man's encounter with the system. Ben du Toit is an ordinary Afrikaner who has uncritically accepted and supported the actions of his government. He has, however, always been aware "that deep inside every man there's something he is 'meant' to do. Something that no one but he can achieve. . . . Some find it quite early in life. Others drive themselves to distraction trying to find it. And still others learn to be patient . . ." His friend, the narrator of the story, asks, "Are you one of those?" Du Toit replies, "I'm just marking time."

Du Toit's time comes when the black janitor at the high school where he teaches asks du Toit's help in getting back the body of his 17-year-old son for burial. The son had been arrested after the 1976 Soweto riots and has died in prison, tortured to death. The police claim that the death was from natural causes, but will not return the boy's body. The father, Gordon Ngubene, is in turn arrested because of the questions he has asked. He, too, dies in prison, and the police claim that he committed suicide.

Du Toit, who initially cannot believe that the police could be responsible, finds himself increasingly involved in establishing police and official complicity. Because of his persistence, he also becomes suspect; his home is searched, his telephone is tapped, and he is followed.

Such discoveries are the stuff of cliché—the blinding revelation on the road to Damascus, when all is changed, the past is made meaningless, and ahead there is only martyrdom. And, indeed, that is exactly what occurs. There are no surprises. Brink shamelessly uses all the familiar devices—the unsympathetic wife, the disapproving colleagues, a treacherous daughter, a loyal son, wise black people, and the other woman, who is inevitably understanding.

THE RESULT is a badly written book, with flat prose and with characters as mass-produced as the Model T Ford. But somehow the sum total of these less than excellent parts is also a story which is absorbing and stirring, which insists on being read. There is a passion underlying the sloppy, careless writing that pleads for change in such a system.

The very conventionality of Ben du Toit also carries a conviction that a more sophisticated hero might dissipate in intellectual posturings and political harangues. Precisely because he is not a dedicated revolutionary quoting Marx, Lenin, or the Chairman while he dutifully follows orders from Moscow or Peking, his defection is more disturbing in its implications. Brink writes in bold outline, and with no shades, but that may be to the good: perhaps the point is diluted when the messenger requires more attention than the message, and our sense of urgency would be lost in puzzling out a more subtle meaning.

If the subject were frivolous and light-hearted, *A Dry White Season* could be dismissed as just a good read. It does not approach the stature of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, and it lacks the fine writing of Gordimer's best. The significance of the book lies rather in the fact that an Afrikaner is writing about Afrikaners troubled by the same concerns that have in the past been articulated only by English writers. In this

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light, Brink's book is an encouraging index of the changes taking place in South Africa. □

TELEVISION

MARTYR-IN-CHIEF

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I happened to be watching TV at 3:30 A.M. on Jimmy Carter's final day in office—eternal vigilance and a touch of insomnia being vital to the TV critic's calling. At that hour a bulletin informed us that the President was still up too, waiting for the last hostage hitch to be straightened out.

Even my hard heart softened a bit to learn that Carter hadn't been allowed one last night's sleep in the White House. Those Iranians really are a bit much. Of course Carter did everything possible to bring his woes on himself, but—"use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping?" (Khomeini's avatars may have taken those words in the wrong sense.)

Carter wanted desperately to clean this mess up before leaving office, a mess that epitomized his Presidency. I felt I knew him too well even before our Embassy was taken. But since then, we have been saturated with the most intense TV coverage of both him and the "hostage crisis." The two were made for each other.

What more fitting preoccupation could Carter have than this agony of his own making? And we watched him all the way through it, right up to the end. He used the media more than any President ever had, used them to break down barriers of formality between his office and his people: the fireside chat in the cardigan, the radio phone-in, the frequent press conferences, the town meeting.

He kept a pollster by his side too, thinking that was the way to maintain contact. While lusting for popularity, he nonetheless complained that he wasn't appreciated when he made unpopular decisions.

He always seemed to want cameras present. He wanted intimacy with 226 million people at once. He wanted them to behold his virtue. He said he'd never lie to us—and on the night of the election, when he conceded, he reminded us that he had said that, obviously believing he had kept that pledge. And maybe he had.

He liked us to see his suffering, too. He wanted us to know how personally he took the travails of our hostages. Their well-being became his top priority, never mind the well-being of all the potential hostages exposed to danger by the very stress he put on personal safety.

That distorted perspective threw an ironic light on his farewell address, when he complained of single-issue and special-interest groups. Having no philosophy of his own, he had no grounds for resisting immediate pressures from any quarter. As James Fallows observed, Carter had an opinion on everything, but no sense of how to integrate his views. He remained oddly undefined: he had conscience without character, scruples without principles. The special-interest group that finally brought him down was in Teheran.

In the long run Carter proved a very trying TV *object*: his slumping, rubbery looks, his feeble, off-key voice, his total lack of charm, magnetism, and eloquence now make his defeat look retrospectively like an aesthetic inevitability.

In Carter all the lofty prescriptions of liberalism found a dismal embodiment. Don't use force, don't antagonize anyone, renounce our past and our allies. TV showed us these propositions incarnate in one little man who struggled to outgrow a Georgia background that should have been his strength: he was trying to move up to liberalism just as the rest of the country was trying to cast it off. Didn't he ever notice that he had won the Presidency by looking fairly conservative?

It got wearisome, too, hearing him repent of other people's sins: racism, Vietnam, Watergate, and general lying. He would lead us out of the distorting fear of Communism that had involved us in so many unsavory alliances. He would embody national repentance in dealing with Panama, Zimbabwe, and Iran itself. Groveling was even in our interest: it was a form of plea-bargaining with the future, that stern socialist future in which Third World nations, coming into their own and realizing their "legitimate aspirations," would sit in judgment over us.

Having worn out his welcome in our living rooms, Carter had the misfortune to run against the greatest TV politician yet. No doubt he and his advisors felt, reasonably enough, that he had to debate Reagan; and he may have even outpointed him on the so-called "issues."

But it's clear by now that the debate sealed Reagan's victory. With one superb stroke—"There you go again"—Reagan dramatized, made real and visible, what the country was sensing: Jimmy Carter was small.

I can think of five splendidly theatrical moments in the campaign, and they all belonged to Reagan. The other four were the microphone grab in New Hampshire, the gentle, funny putdown of priggish John Anderson in Illinois, and Reagan's last two half-hour broadcasts. The one on election eve brought tears to my eyes. But the previous one, on the economy, was a masterpiece of what liberals call the "simplistic"; that is, it was concrete, incisive, and irrefutable.

Intellectuals, who live by playing up their intelligence, don't understand Reagan. He lives by playing his down. He may be despised for being an actor, but he has a genius for empathy: he can reach people, putting his thoughts in their language for them. To call him simplistic is simply simplistic. □

TRAVEL

PILGRIM TO EVEREST

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Katmandu, Nepal—Here I am, like any tourist, staring at an ancient temple; but how come the temple is staring back at me?

Then I realize that somebody has painted realistic eyes on this particular temple, at just the point where a temple would have eyes if temples had eyes. Clever fellows, these Nepalese.

I have come to Nepal to see and photograph Mt. Everest and the other great peaks of the Himalayas; but this morning, under a brilliant blue sky, I am strolling through the older sections of Katmandu. I served in India during

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World War II, and visited it again in 1964, so the color—and poverty—of this part of the world are not unfamiliar to me. But I have never been to Nepal before, and the exotic charms of Katmandu, its capital, are positively overwhelming. Perhaps only Marrakech, of all the cities I have ever visited, conveys quite so powerful a sense of authentic and colorful "otherness." One gets the feeling too that, if this isn't quite the end of the line, it can't be far away: in Katmandu's streets, and at its threadbare little airport, dark Indian faces mingle with those of European mountain-climbers with blond beards—and also with the weatherbeaten, unmistakably Mongoloid features of visitors from Tibet, across the mountains to the north.

Still, in the matter of creature comforts, a few days in Katmandu scarcely qualify as hardship duty. There are several hotels that are equipped to meet any legitimate demands a Western traveler might make, even if Mr. Hilton's representatives have not yet erected one of their typical pleasure domes. A flood, to be sure, has temporarily knocked out one of the country's two hydroelectric power plants, and the local electric utility consequently "sheds load" on a regular schedule published in the newspapers in advance, with the result that the lights will go out in your hotel, for anything from a few minutes to an hour or so, between 5 and 11 P.M. on odd-numbered days (or whatever). But everybody knows what is happening and has a candle and matches nearby; so all you risk is having to dine—or, as the case may be, bathe—by candlelight.

THERE are day tours out of Katmandu by car in a number of directions. One pleasant drive, 21 miles to the northwest, takes the visitor to Kakani, on a 7,000-foot ridge where the British ambassador thought well enough of the view to build a modest summer residence. The road rises out of Katmandu's green valley into a region of steeply terraced hillsides where chickens, children, and goats scatter before the noisy advent of the oncoming car, and ends at last on a rise from which one can see, etched against the northern skyline, the major peaks of the western Himalayas: Manaslu (26,760 feet), Annapurna (26,504), and Dhaulagiri (26,810).

But I had still bigger game in mind. I had read about a quite incredible little place called the Everest View Hotel, clinging to a 13,000-foot ridge within view of the whole sweep of the eastern Himalayas, including the tallest of them all. It is reached from Katmandu in about an hour, in a six-passenger plane that lands one at a short and lofty strip called Shangboche Altiport (not even "airport": "altiport"). From there, rumor had it, it's only a thirty-minute walk, or yak ride, to the Everest View, where guests short of breath can refresh themselves with the oxygen that is available in every room.

My reservations for the flight to Shangboche, and for a room at the Everest View (including oxygen), were all in order. What wouldn't cooperate was the weather. Man proposes, God disposes. On the appointed morning it was "snowing on the runway" at Shangboche Altiport. The flight for that day was canceled—and so, I was warned, might be flights in the other direction, for as much as several days. There could be no Everest View Hotel for me.

There was, however, an alternative way of getting a view of Everest—less flamboyant, but perhaps acceptable. Would I like to take the daily "Mountain Flight" of Royal Nepal Airlines, in a forty-passenger Avro, eastward from Katmandu to Everest along the southern flank of the Himalayas and back in an hour? I would, and I did.

And so I saw Mt. Everest after all. The plane soared upward out of Katmandu's tidy valley, and right away the eastern Himalayas sprang into view: a mighty white-capped rampart, culminating in peak after peak along the whole northern horizon. As the plane droned eastward at 18,000 feet, the steward distributed maps from which we could identify huge mountains with exotic names familiar and not so familiar: Gosainthan (26,150), Gauri Sankar (23,442), Melungtse (23,560), Cho Oyu (26,750). Visibility couldn't possibly have been better—there was hardly a cloud in the sky.

Then suddenly, unmistakably, there was Everest: a great, black, snow-powdered pyramid, from this perspective clearly the tallest mountain in sight (29,028), flanked by its companion Lhotse (27,890), the Nuptse ridge (25,850), and the great ice peak Pumori (23,442). I had been fascinated by the 1953 expedition that first climbed Everest, and had read Sir John Hunt's account of it, so the immediate geography of the region was familiar to me. What always deceives one in the Himalayas, however, is the scale: it simply isn't credible that the vertical height of that last "little" southeast ridge on top of Everest is more than double that of the Empire State Building.

Slowly the plane turned and began the journey back to Katmandu. Now the white rampart was on our right, and below the snowline the steward pointed out one particular winding mountain valley. It was, he told us, the road northward over the Himalayas into Tibet—to Lhasa, several hundred miles away.

Well, maybe next time. □

The GIMLET EYE

BLUE COLLAR WOODSTOCK

D. KEITH MANO

Dawn over the Sohio sign on Route 13 pushes across a tuned-up medieval market town. We're at the Third Annual North Fork Vans Truck-On-In and party-till-you-puke convention. At Legend Valley Park. In—God!—Heath, *Ohio.*

Each van club has its own guild hall standard. The member vans—five here, eight there, 12, 15—have circle-parked around: for convenience or defense: covered-wagon style. Tents porch out: one or two, the communal club tents, could bigtop a rustic circus ring. There is spray-paint heraldry around. It is Day-Glo colorful, foreign: the gathering of some Friday-to-Sunday tribe: a gypsy bivouac. Or Olivier's cartoonish battlefield on the morning before Agincourt.

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Or a sudden bedroom community. There must be eight dozen dogs, crazed, made bumptious by strange leg-lifting. Children connive and bicker; they play hide-and-seek in Port-O-Sans. The sun-shot six-acre field is abruptly suburban: Joneses keeping up with Joneses even at 55 mph: free crab grass has been supplied. Vanners halloo each other, Kiwanis-cheerful, from impermanent backyard to impermanent backyard. North Fork Town is secure, trustful, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent white: a spirit of class comradeship has been raised up overnight. The transient studio apartments remain side door open all day. This is so, I am told, at any weekend truck-in. They appreciate the value of property; vanners do not burgle vanners. You want a tire iron up your sinus, Good Buddy?

THE MEN are fat-kidneyed: humps, gristle-tough and hirsute, bulge out behind. Lord help their torsion-bar suspension. I count at least ten men in the three-hundred-pound class: they have more than bucket seats. A truck-in can jerk your aesthetic around. The spare tire is a secondary sexual trait in North Fork Town: women aren't put off by it. Understandable enough: these are women who will jam cardboard beneath a mud-spurting wheel, suck gas up, hit the summer truck-in tour weekend after weekend. Four-wheel-drive women: women with runs in their legs. They are comradely; they never need a beer glass. Amicable, quiet, females who have earned their matrimony. Few men come to a truck-in stag; fewer women. Your typical child-support award is probably four new tires and a case of Pennzoil.

Vanning began—as everything weird and twisted does—in California: around 1965 or thereabout. It was a wife-and-kids gig: so laid-back it flopped into the missionary position. Californians don't need a truck to express themselves: they can be ESTed, Rolfed, Rebirthed, Mansoned, Jonesed. But in the Midwest, where counterculture meant an ice-cream-soda shop, vanning hit its loftiest nadir. Now there are more vans in Ohio, by a hundred thousand, than in all of gasivorous Southern Cal. Five hundred will attend at North Fork. Lit up, muraled over, with custom chrome, they look each like a prime Wurlitzer juke box. Yet there are suggestions of the ominous about them. Few have more than a monocle window on their side. Anything might be carried in them: contraband, corpses, abnormal acts. They are both persona and disguise: suits of Detroit armor. Like the Green Knight in *Morte D'Arthur*, mysterious: until a visor is hoiked up—to reveal some beer-bloating sanitary engineer.

Ralph the Geek is riding Last Judgment, his abscess-garish Ford Econoline. Last Judgment has been muraled all over. With the adoring, realistic detail of a van Van Eyck. At least three hundred half-nude, miserable figures. Must be depressing, to pull out and pass this baby at twilight on I-70. Last Judgment has all the restraint of some old Ace sci-fi paperback cover. Van artists charge around $1,500 to $2,000 for a full-grisly panel job. "Heck, two clinkers of gravel jump up and y'gotta retouch. That can be expensive, matching all those funny colors. I drive *real* careful. I don't take her out in winter at all. It's like you get a sharp tattoo—don't matter if it makes you retch next week, you're stuck with it."

This morning Scarlet Lady copped Best-in-Show. I ask Ralph why: "It's the body work. Jes' lookit the dern changes. Hand-molded fender wells, molded mirror-markers, molded sun visor. He's got scoops and an inlaid heart-shape back window. This is all steel, this ain't no plastic shee-it. No door handles. Doors all open up by electric solenoids. See, even the hinges are heartshape: he sticks to the theme of the truck. Only cost $15,000, but that's not counting labor. If you was t'have someone build this van it'd run $35,000."

Large people in a tiny room. The standard van interior is roughly three-quarters human size. I expect 75 per cent of a beer, a sandwich, an orgasm. Americans have always been into miniaturization: a reprise of childhood when the world (or so it seemed) was Lionel-small and friendly. And controllable. Little window curtains; little bunk beds; little bar; little cupboards; little headroom. The van, you note, is one place where a macho Ralph can interior-decorate. If he stitched up new drapery for his bedroom at home, the bowling-team gang would think Ralph had gone fagward on them. A van will fetch out femaleness, housekeeperliness, in men. Steel transsexuality; vans cross-dress the mind.

Ralph wears a beard and a silver earring: from Monday to Friday he has some essential job at the nearest nuclear power plant. Yes, grasses, the green and the brown, are lush here at North Fork. (One club has run up a headshop tent.) But beer is the drug of choice: beer won't burn a hole in your T-shirt. These are responsible men, very good with their hands: bricklayer, meat packer, carpenter, painter, printer, lawn seeder, traffic manager. A lot of -ers: do-er, fashion-er. It's as if a Hell's Angel and an anti-Vietnam hipchick had once made love—and produced a politically unconscious nine-to-five machinist with beard, Apache hair, and a raffish nose ring. Oh, the times they are a-changing. *(To be continued.)* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SOVIET LEADERSHIP IN TRANSITION, *by Jerry F. Hough (Brookings, 175 pp., $11.95; paperback, $4.95).* Although he believes the U.S. recognizes the dissidents as real people, Mr. Hough maintains that we have almost no understanding of the Soviet bureaucrats, the people in the "middle or upper-middle class" of the Soviet Union; only when we understand

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that the "Soviet system is staffed by real people with real hopes and fears and values and interests" will we be able to jettison "old abstractions and manage our relationship . . . in a subtle and sophisticated way." Okay, would-be sophisticates, one of the first things Mr. Hough wants us to understand is that the USSR, post Stalin, cannot properly be considered totalitarian —authoritarian is a more accurate description. Next it should be understood that the present rulers of the Soviet Union are members of the Brezhnev generation, men born between 1900 and 1909, all of whom bear the mark of Stalin. But once this generation dies off, the new rulers of the Soviet Union will come from the ranks of the "postwar generation"—those who were born in the years after 1925 and were too young to serve in World War II—and it is this generation that Mr. Hough expects so much of. Far better educated than the Brezhnev generation, the postwar generation is virtually unscarred by the Stalin era. It is much less insular, greatly intrigued by the West and interested in cooperating with it. Of course, the new rulers will continue to be Marxists; thus they will continue to try to enlarge their sphere of influence by supplying aid to "progressive forces" around the world. But no need to get alarmed, would-be sophisticates; doesn't the West do the same? (Just ask the rebels in Angola or Afghanistan.) In his conclusion, Mr. Hough suggests a policy for the West that bears a similarity to the detente of Henry Kissinger, mixed with a little Zbigniew Brzezinski (we have to show a willingness to compete as well as to cooperate with the Kremlin) and a dash of Jimmy Carter (we have to act like a Great Power, not let ourselves be intimidated by a few thousand Soviet troops in Cuba). Whatever this policy lacks in originality and effectiveness, be assured that it is highly sophisticated.

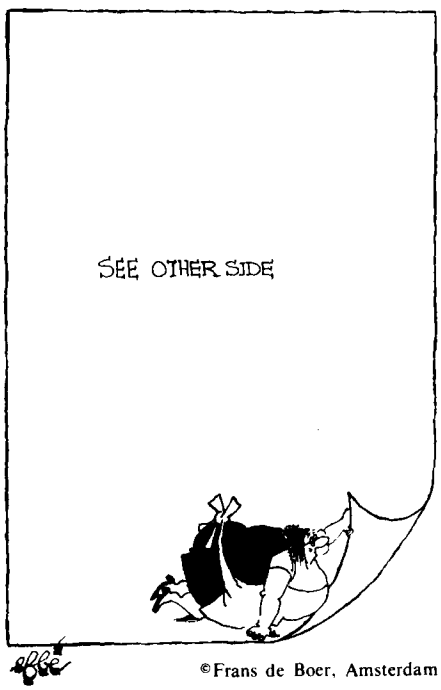
KEVIN LYNCH

MAKING IT PERFECTLY CLEAR, *by Herbert G. Klein (Doubleday, 464 pp., $14.50).* During the ill-fated 1960 presidential campaign, Richard and Pat Nixon, while traveling in a Missouri motorcade, experienced an especially bizarre moment. Proceeding down a crowded main street, they suddenly realized that the shower of confetti pelting them was hard and sharp. It seems a bumbling advance man had purchased some dampened and wadded paper chips at a bargain rate. The price was rather high, however, for the Nixons, who were obliged to sit facing the rear of their convertible to avoid injury from the flying missiles. They thus entered the city of Springfield—backward. The symbolism seems sadly appropriate to this haunted man whose aspirations were consistently thwarted by the crush of circumstance. Klein's memoir of thirty years' service as Nixon aide and press chief is neither self-serving nor apologetic. Rather, it is a candid account of the turbulent relationship between his boss and the media that served his meteoric rise, salvaged the VP's sagging fortunes in 1956, and then greased the skids for his downward slide. Conceding that many of Nixon's wounds were self-inflicted, the author reminds us that the Fourth Estate bears partial responsibility for the siege mentality that led to Watergate.

ALAN L. MILLER

MEN IN OUR TIME, *by Katherine Young (Profile Press, 60 pp., $14.50).* Katherine Young, the noted camera portraitist, has brought together in this handsome black-and-white book photographs of 17 men of our time—among them, Franco, Nehru, Truman, Nixon, Adenauer, Attlee, Vishinsky, Henry Miller, John L. Lewis, and Orozco, an eclectic bunch chosen from a library of thousands to make one photographic point or another. Miss Young explains in her preface that she has attempted "to create a painting with light"—"to outline the form and the essential characteristics of face and hands, the essentials of any good portrait, with light." She succeeds. Adenauer's strong, impassive, almost Indian features emerge from the velvety background, a highlight on his nose, on his forehead, on his tie, and on the unexpectedly long tapering fingers; a passive Nehru seems on second glance empty of emotions, and this is how he struck Miss Young at the time. John L. Lewis is beetle-browed, domineering, stubborn. But he receives Miss Young kindly, with humor, and they become buddies. The dying Kurt Schumacher, Adenauer's opponent right after World War II, is propped up in his chair, his face ravaged, the energy expended to keep his head high showing in the droop of the shoulders. The light here is harsh, revealing. These are photographs to drink in and to learn by. They are accompanied by the author's brief, informal commentaries: mostly how Katherine Young got to make the portrait, how she was received, and her very personal, often sardonic reactions to her subject. *Men in Our Time* is also a good read.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY



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THE WINE OF LIFE, *and Other Essays on Societies, Energy, and Living Things, by Harold J. Morwitz (St. Martin's, 265 pp., $10).* Anybody who has been a professor as long as Harold Morwitz has been one at Yale—nearly three decades—probably falls into one of two categories. Either he has acquired the outlook of a mole and become a bore, or he has grown philosophical about the trivia of his chosen field and, by tying the dull minutiae to lively happenings from the newspapers, turned into an entertaining sage. Morwitz belongs to the latter group, and this collection of essays on biology is ample proof of his wit and wisdom. The pieces originally appeared over the last four years in the magazine *Hospital Practice*, where they reached an audience of doctors, nurses, and medical administrators. St. Martin's guessed that readers without scientific backgrounds would like them, too. Quite right. Morwitz's uncomplicated language and gentle humor work wonders on his rather esoteric topics. The second law of thermodynamics seems remarkably simple when described in terms of a fat man trying to lose weight. Eukaryotic cells built of membrane-bound compartments become interesting when pitted against unicellular prokaryotes in a battle over the validity of evolution. A biochemical supply catalogue takes on a new face as Morwitz tallies the cost of the chemicals that make up a human body and finds that, contrary to the birthday-card caption, the total isn't 97 cents but $6 million. In a handful of essays, Morwitz abandons the light-hearted approach for the didactic—sometimes with unhappy results. Topics like the Cambridge-Somerville study survive intact. (The study found that child criminals ministered to by state welfare agencies actually committed more crimes as adults than did delinquents left to their own devices.) It is when Morwitz begins prating about "the ultimate nature of reality" that it becomes difficult to keep a straight face. The long years around chalk dust and sophomores show through. But with professors of the lively sort it is easy to take the bad with the good, and especially easy in the case of Morwitz because there is so much good.

PAUL T. HORNAK

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Dark Horses

THERE IS a species of social commentary that is brilliant in its critique of social welfare programs, but tends to misfire when it proposes something positive to take the place of the existing system.

For reasons too complex to recount here, such commentary is a leading feature of what is usually called "neoconservatism." Its most distinguished practitioner is Senator Daniel P. Moynihan of New York, who is capable of following a trenchant analysis of errors enfolded in the aid-to-dependent-children program with demands for a guaranteed-annual-income scheme which, by most assessments, would serve to make the situation worse.

Alain C. Enthoven's *Health Plan* (Addison-Wesley, $12.95) is of this genre. As long as Enthoven sticks to what is wrong with the present system of health-care finance, the book is excellent—one of the best discussions of such matters that has yet appeared in print. Only when the author gets around to his solution to the dilemma do doubts arise about his wisdom.

Enthoven, a professor at Stanford Business School and a former "whiz kid" under Robert McNamara, describes our present health-care situation with lucidity and insight. Medical spending, he notes, has increased so rapidly in recent years because the Federal Government has ardently pumped up demand —through direct subsidy programs such as Medicare and Medicaid, and through preferred tax treatment of health-insurance benefits versus the equivalent in cash income.

The net effect has been to tilt our medical economy toward a system of third-party payment, in which hospital bills and physician charges are paid by someone other than the patient at the point of consumption. Price as a regulator of demand has been severely weakened in the medical economy, and outlays for health care have increased accordingly.

Trying to restrain the resulting surge of spending through controls, Enthoven shows on theoretical and empirical grounds, is futile—the equivalent of trying to brake a runaway car with the accelerator jammed against the floor. Such an approach is not only ineffective, but can be damaging to the machinery in question. The thing to do first of all is to get one's foot off the accelerator.

So far, so good. Even when Enthoven discusses the general principles of a possible remedy—undoing the incentives that encourage people to accept the most expensive medical package because somebody else picks up the bill—it is hard to fault his reasoning. But the solution he favors within this context—pre-paid, group-practice health-maintenance organizations—is something else again. Enthoven believes fee-for-service solo practitioners are inherently expensive, since physicians somehow can set their fees at higher than market levels. Absent the third-party tilt of federal policy, however, there is no very good reason to believe that such a thing can happen.

IN THIS RESPECT, it is useful to consult *Health: United States—1980*, a recently published survey of medical trends and data brought out by the Department of Health and Human Services (Public Health Service, Hyattsville, Md. 20781; free). This is a cornucopia of statistics reflecting life expectancies, infant mortality, major diseases, health care and income levels, aggregate spending in the medical economy, etc.

Concerning doctors and their fees, the HHS analysis shows physician-to-population ratios have risen rapidly in recent years, and that, in keeping with market principles, augmented supply exerts a downward pressure on price—so much so that physician fees from 1970 to 1978 rose less rapidly than the Consumer Price Index (5.3 per cent a year compared to 6.7 per cent). If physicians could set their fees wherever they wish, they would hardly have allowed this slippage to occur.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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A Precedent for Mr. Reagan

On The Right

New York, Jan. 26—President Reagan, on the day he was inaugurated, faced a problem as nearly insoluble (one hopes) as any he will come upon during his Presidency. The fever for the return of the hostages had reached one of those near-undeniable pitches. True, if the Iranians had stuck to their demands of last December—that we deposit $24 billion in gold in reparations for our role in depriving Iran of the blessings of the Ayatollah for three decades—the American people would not have stood for it. But when the Iranians scaled down their demands, our intense anxiety to bring our people home left little time for analysis by a President elected, but not yet installed. So that when, exactly 22 minutes before Mr. Reagan took the oath of office, the news spread that the prisoners were actually airborne toward freedom, it seemed indelicate to raise questions about the terms to which our harried negotiators had been driven.

So: they are back. The money deal will require much thought, analysis, and even experience finally to understand the full inflections of it—though it is not too early to predict that, indeed, we will have paid ransom. But two elements of the deal stand out in albescent clarity. We have "promised" not "again" to interfere in Iranian affairs. And we have promised to require everyone in the United States who ever had any knowledge of where the Shah or members of his family invested their money to relate such knowledge to the U.S. Government; which government "promises" to freeze those assets, pending a determination by the relevant court as to proper ownership of them. That's quite a number. A legacy of Carter's Administration.

A requirement for Reagan's?

Consider a relevant historical precedent. On January 23, 1968 North Korean gunboats seized an American naval vessel, the *Pueblo*, charging that it had trespassed into North Korean waters. We knew that this was not the case, because the boat's own logs were confirmed by radar fixes which documented that the *Pueblo* was in international waters, several miles from North Korean territorial waters.

But we all know that Captain Bucher and his men were taken, tortured, imprisoned, and that the North Koreans demanded first an indemnity in addition to an apology, finally merely an apology.

In the closing tense days of the Lyndon Johnson Administration, Johnson's determination to free the American sailors was nearly as obsessive as Carter's to free the hostages. He instructed our negotiator, General Gilbert Woodward, to advise the North Koreans that he, President Johnson, would "apologize," but only on condition that a certain script be followed.

Accordingly, on December 17, 1968, General Woodward delivered to the North Korean negotiator a statement relevant passages of which read, "The *Pueblo* was not engaged in illegal activity . . . There is no convincing evidence that the ship at any time intruded in the territorial waters claimed by North Korea, and we [cannot] apologize for action we could not believe took place." The statement went on, "the document which I am going to sign was prepared by the North Koreans and is at variance with the above position, but my signature will not and cannot alter the facts. I will sign the document to free the crew and only to free the crew."

Two days later, the North Korean government accepted the statement, though a more accurate way to say it is that they agreed to ignore the statement. General Woodward signed the statement, and we got our 1968 hostages back. The North Koreans had a piece of paper.

What does it mean, exactly, that we will not interfere in the affairs of Iran? Suppose that a government even nuttier than the Ayatollah's were to take power in Iran—a government, let us say, as devotedly lunatic as Pol Pot's, which was bent on undiscovering the wheel. Suppose such a government announced that Iran would cease to bring oil out of the ground. Or suppose that the Iranians decided to declare, and wage, a war against Israel, threatening a terminal inflammation in the Persian Gulf. Would we decline to "interfere" in Iranian affairs?

And imagine the consequences of running down and sequestering the assets of the Shah's family. The meaning of any such activity to men in power in South America, in Africa, in the Middle East, would be electric. Powerful men who invest their money in America do us a certain economic service. But above all, they have an implicit interest in helping America be secure, for reasons however selfish. Our view of it should be the same as Switzerland's: money deposited here by a foreigner is his unless it is established by non-ex-post-facto laws (our Constitution protects Americans against ex-post-facto laws) that it was stolen by that foreigner. It belongs to him—even if he was so reckless as to befriend the United States while he was in power.

President Reagan, without bothering even to renounce that part of the agreement, can simply ignore it. All it takes is a single directive to the Justice Department. We can then turn our imagination to the question not of what does the Shah owe the Ayatollah, but what does the Ayatollah owe 52 American citizens. □

WHO IS TO BLAME? *New York*, Feb. 1—Is it possible to touch the untouchable? Under the rules of logic the answer is negative, even as one cannot posit the coexistence of the irresistible force and the immovable body. The basis of formal thought is the principle of contradiction: nothing can both exist and not exist. But language is loosely used, and that is why the politicians and the commentators tell us that Social Security is "untouchable." If Social Security is untouchable, you are not all that far away from the proposition that inflation is invincible.

The general figures are fairly well known. A generation ago, two people, working, furnished a surplus sufficient to pay out Social Security to one person not working. The situation now requires six persons to supply one, and we are headed (toward the end of the century) toward a ratio of nine to one.

For those who prefer figures, a more graphic way of putting it is this. A generation ago, 6 per cent of a relatively small federal budget took care of Social Security needs. Today, Social Security takes 30 per cent of the current huge budget. If Social Security is untouchable, then, taking Social Security as a symbol for all welfare programs, which consume almost 50 per cent of the budget—then nothing much can be done. Why? Because if these

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programs are indexed against inflation, then social pressures to reduce inflation are minimized by a controlling segment of the voting population. Twenty per cent of the American people over 18 are receiving Social Security. If they voted as a bloc against any candidate, whether for President, senator, or congressman, that candidate would be defeated, unless he were a Scoop Jackson or a Jack Kemp, who are as vulnerable to political defeat as George Meany was, or, for that matter, Jupiter.

But the meaning of this untouchability is mounting federal commitments, an increased overhead in economic activity, a greater wedge between the wages paid to an employee and the cost of that employee to an employer: stagnation, the anticipation of continued inflation, high interest rates, reduced activity—why should the person on Social Security care, if the monthly check maintains his level of purchasing power?

Let's permit ourselves to dream that that iron cloak protecting Social Security were in fact penetrable, so that Congress could reach through and do a little remodeling.

Now, suppose Congress were to repeal the indexing law, announcing that Social Security payments would remain at their present level over the next four years; that the emphasis would be placed on giving the Social Security beneficiary continued purchasing power not by giving him more dollars, but by giving him more goods for the dollars he gets. In order to do such a thing there would have to be something on the order of bipartisanship in Congress. Not easy, but the leadership—which recognizes that the kind of thing that has happened to Social Security over the past generation, if continued over the next generation, would result in national bankruptcy—would have to do the responsible thing, namely to lead.

IF SUCH a law were passed, then the pressures from the elderly on Congress would be anti-inflationary. A dormant force, relatively unconcerned about inflation (relatively, because the elderly do see the pain visited on their children by inflation), would soon become a tremendous lobby for anti-inflationary measures. Profligate spending by Congress, in response to special-interest groups, would become the subject of intense scrutiny, and the forces opposed to inflation would have allies, during election periods, without which, as things now go, they are left relatively powerless. That is the reason why politicians, when they run for office, tend to run against inflation, but not against any of the constituents of inflation, except such inanimate bodies as "waste." There has never been a lobby that calls itself the Waste Lobby.

If Social Security (as it now stands) is untouchable, then one must speak the (unspeakable?) corollary; namely that democracy won't work. □

SENATOR WEICKER RIDES AGAIN

New York, Jan. 16—If you want to take Lowell Weicker seriously (an invitation to misanthropy) this is the most you can wrench out of his performance during the Haig hearings.

1) The Watergate break-in is roughly comparable to the Holocaust.

2) Anybody who served the man who was President of the United States during the Watergate break-in is presumptively guilty of complicity in the Holocaust.

3) Although it concededly is not established, even now, that President Nixon knew about Watergate ahead of the fact, let alone that he initiated it, we must assume that the one hundred hours of tapes recording conversations between Nixon and members of his staff, which tapes were made available to the Watergate prosecutors, and which did not result in any legal action against General Haig, nevertheless most certainly conceal about General Haig some defective quality which would impoverish the United States if Mr. Haig were made Secretary of State.

And—oh yes, 4) If the Senate doesn't insist on getting Mr. Nixon's private tapes now, the Senate will never get them.

Senator Weicker's conclusion is that General Haig is "unprincipled." That he either "lacked integrity" or exhibited a "disdain for the Constitution." That, in a word, he should not be confirmed. With that analysis, Senator Weicker turned to his (pained?) colleagues, and with that felicity of expression for which he has become renowned, said: "Hang tough, or you'll be left hanging."

Senator Weicker, although he is only in his second term in the Senate, has emerged as Il Pomposo of that body. No one else comes even close. His problems have got to be congenital, because there are no signs of improvement, even though it is widely reported that medical scientists have made considerable progress in dealing with advanced Caesarism. To understand Weicker requires a study of his moral and rhetorical posture back in the old Watergate days.

Consider the following exchanges. Weicker was questioning John Mitchell. "All right. Let's start at the beginning here, if we can, in going over the testimony that has been presented by you, and do some probing. I must confess, Mr. Mitchell, that as I have sat here and listened to your testimony the only difficulty I find with it is that it sometimes is difficult to realize that we have sitting before the committee not some administrative assistant to some deputy campaign director but we have the campaign director sitting before this committee, and indeed we don't have some assistant attorney general sitting before the committee, we have the Attorney General of the United States sitting before the committee . . ." That wasn't enough to satisfy Senator Weicker. He meant to drive his point home . . . "You mean after listening to what we would both agree are outlandish plans [presented by Gordon Liddy], that you were neither moved to great anger in your capacity as Attorney General of the United States, when certainly everything that he proposed runs contrary to what you were supposed to stand for at that moment? . . . I find it inconceivable, unless there seems to be at least some willingness to share a portion of the mentality, that you didn't go ahead and have the fellow arrested for even suggesting this to the Attorney General of the United States." John Mitchell said, "Senator, I doubt if you can get people arrested for suggesting such things."

BUT, TO guard against any possibility that anyone in America should underestimate the moral chasm that lay between Lowell Weicker and John Mitchell, the Senator had prepared a peroration.

"Is there anything in this country, aside from the President of the United States, that puts you in awe, Mr. Mitchell?"

Mitchell: "To put me where?"

Weicker: "That puts you in awe?"

A: "There are very, very many things."

Q: "Do the courts put you in awe?"

A: "Very much so."

Q: "Does your oath as attorney, does that put you in awe?"

A: "Very much so."

It is only surprising that Senator Weicker didn't ask John Mitchell whether the Grand Canyon put him in awe.

Throughout the proceedings, General Haig has implicitly taken the position that in order to qualify as Secretary of State it is not required by the Constitution that the appointee submit to public emasculation. There is a rumor going about, and this very night I shall get down on my knees to pray that it is true, that a private meeting before the hearings with Senator Weicker, at which meeting Mr. Weicker announced that he intended at all costs to learn what had been the conversations erased in the 18½-minute gap, General Haig said: "To tell you the truth, Senator, we were all talking about what an SOB you are."

Curses on the man, or gremlin, who—if that was the case—robbed posterity of that golden tape. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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MAIER & McCOLM

(Continued from page 152)

spontaneous revolt. Over the years, Alpha has attempted a variety of such excursions. They have been a fiasco. Some have been captured, some have literally run out of gas on their way to the island, most have been arrested by U.S. authorities before setting off, as in Key West last month.

More promising methods are those used by groups like Camilo, which seek to undermine the morale and loyalty of the Cuban army. Havana's military is the most highly trained and educated force in Latin America, but bright young officers are unable to move up because command positions are dominated by veterans of the Sierra Maestra. The result is quiet but growing discontent. Cultivating this, Camilo prints propaganda and letters from disaffected troops in Africa and distributes them around army bases inside the island.

The most sophisticated of the exile groups is probably Abdala, whose members tend to be young, American-educated, and left of center. Like Camilo, they regard any convulsive overthrow of Castro as unlikely, especially with Soviet troops acting as the regime's praetorian guard. Abdala relies instead on a long-run approach: a slow, very patient, and thorough poisoning of the regime's wells with internal agitation and economic disruption. It seeks to force a liberalization of the system on the Dubcek model—after Castro's demise. Abdala also recognizes the overriding importance of politically educating the masses on the island. Unlike Alpha 66, it believes that the exile role in any revolution will be secondary. Exiles may inform and advise, but the island population will carry out any change when and if it comes. And if it *does* come, Abdala leaders caution, the result may be quite unlike what the old-style Miami exiles bargained for. An entire generation has grown up in the socialist mold in Cuba, for whom pre-Castro history is remote.

As for the United States, it's too early to tell how Havana will fare with the new Reagan Administration. Cuban-Americans voted overwhelmingly for a tough-talking Reagan candidacy, but Republicans, in the eyes of many exiles, tend to be influenced by a powerful streak of business pragmatism. According to Edward Navarro, "businessmen make their profit off the status quo, and that's why America doesn't have friends or enemies—only interests."

Whatever happens now, the exiles are prepared to go it alone, having long ago escaped the orbit of American intelligence agencies. What has emerged is a new sort of transnational corporation, a welding of the exile communities in Venezuela, Spain, Costa Rica, Puerto Rico, the United States, and elsewhere in an internationalized effort to overthrow Castro. While it may not succeed, it offers the best chance for freedom that Cuba has seen in many years. □

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PHILIPSON

(Continued from page 158)

The Costa Ricans saved my life. They had fought for my freedom, as had certain American unions and certain U.S. senators. Although Costa Rica does not have diplomatic relations with Cuba, it sent delegations to Havana at various times to ask for my freedom. It seems that Castro had promised to let me go. That evening I dressed and ate. In the morning I told my guards I had to go to Oriente to visit my mother's tomb. They had said I could go anywhere I wanted, but this was not true. I was in the custody of the Costa Rican government and could not even go out on the street. It is unconscionable not to allow a man his right, once free, to visit his mother's tomb. This was their final insult.

Q: Señor Matos, how were you able to withstand this constant onslaught, hour after hour, day after day, year after year?

A: There were times I couldn't remember things or connect ideas. When I was first let out I found myself surrounded by newsmen at the airport. I had to apologize because I was unable to coordinate ideas. I felt I would never be able to speak clearly. I feared then that my mind had been destroyed past recovery. I attributed my survival to two things. The first is considerable patience, which I inherited from my mother. The second is commitment to principles. Ours was a real and honest revolution. When a man has such a conviction, he develops tremendous inner strength. As a student of history, I remembered the heroic deeds of men during the civil wars in Rome, for example. I read of the thousands and thousands who had died in battle and whose deeds were reduced to a few sentences in the history books. I thought and analyzed what victory is. I kept in view the human element through the centuries. Mine was a philosophical attitude, and I felt ready to face my own fate as thousands before me had done.

Although Castro's accusations hurt me, I reasoned as I sat in jail that now it was my turn. I could sacrifice with calmness. I knew we were right. The people believed we were their representatives, that we embodied their fears and hopes. Their faith gave me and others strength. I could face death without weakening. It was the role I could play—to sacrifice. The years passed, and I remained firm. No matter what they did to me, I could not give in.

You can't break a human being who knows that he or she is right. That's the spirit in which people have died through the ages. Mine was not religious faith, but a belief in my ideals. It was very clear to me whenever I was tortured, and I never asked for mercy. It was not a matter of personal valor but of inner force. Through those years of change, of not seeing my family, I knew I must keep my sanity. I began to think about my children, my wife, how beautiful Cuba is. I could not despair. I had to keep myself alive. By thinking in these ways I was able to separate myself from my tragedy. One can succeed in overcoming time—mastering it. I used to spend three or more hours just staring at one point on the wall, alone, without thinking, as if my mind were suspended. This form of concentration rests you and allows you to control your nerves. Time flies. Little by little you develop an extraordinary vitality. In the end, a man can subordinate himself to his mind. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

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D. CHIP AT ROME — 77 37 56 155 46 107 78 20 148 174

E. Where the Corinthians played — 83 9 17 90 105 29 159 2 153 58

121 131 181

F. What Thomas Boulsover produced c. 1742 — 24 3 19 79 96 113 120 124 157 27

158 199 36 52

G. A Red Army command — 34 154 67 116 195 173 169 106

H. The top of a flight of steps — 111 184 71 55 189 138 108 84 101

I. Where Charles Arthur "the Great" Shires went to high school — 1 5 23 85 16 32 43 132 50 70

J. These have seen strange sights — 123 127 45 166 18 33 40 25 151 200

10 64 75 80

K. A baby produced artificially — 126 171 72 119 198 110 160 185

L. One man's opinions — 130 94 4 59 81 103 41 69 162 191

M. City near Elizabeth, N.J. — 146 114 142 89 139 182

N. Masculine — 49 57 109 86 6 161

O. A medieval English court — 7 73 99 11

P. A pleasant French city — 135 60 92 197

Q. A plan that led indirectly to Social Security — 140 164 187 54 74 100 149 203

R. A specialist in certain types of medicine — 179 15 133 62 8 115 48 87 137

S. A subdivision of some governmental departments — 26 102 165 91 180 76

T. Town west of Southampton, Eng. — 156 21 51 194 202 117 147 14 28 42

93

U. *Sarcoptes scabiei* — 193 63 82 167 178 95 136 172

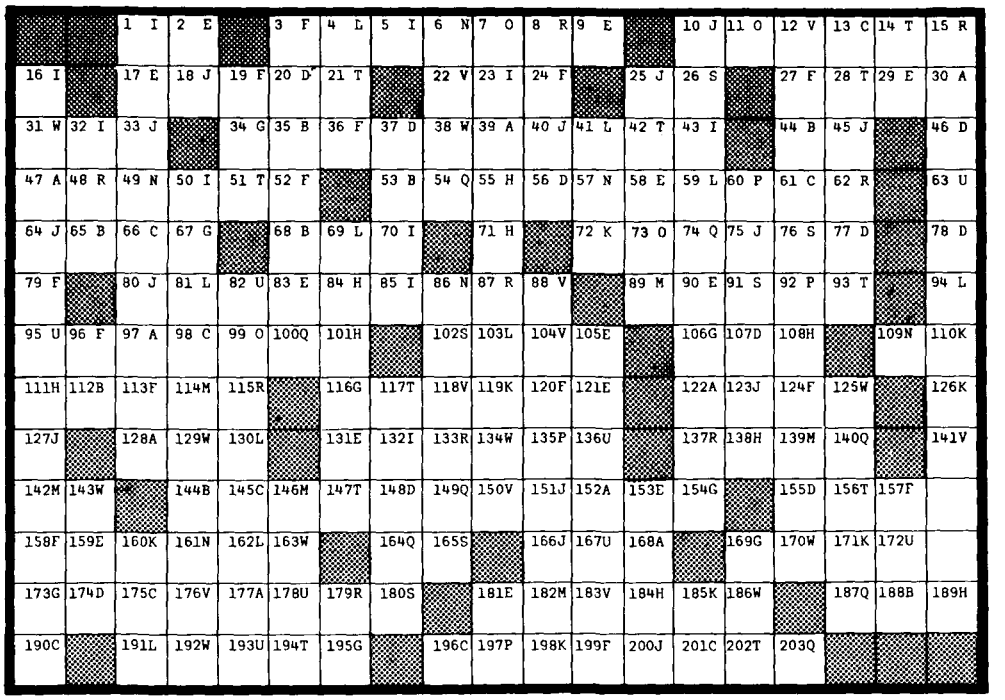
V. Winter weather phenomenon — 118 176 150 22 183 141 104 12 88

W. Unscramble MAY REST HER to get two girls' names — 186 31 38 125 134 163 192 129 143 170

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 180 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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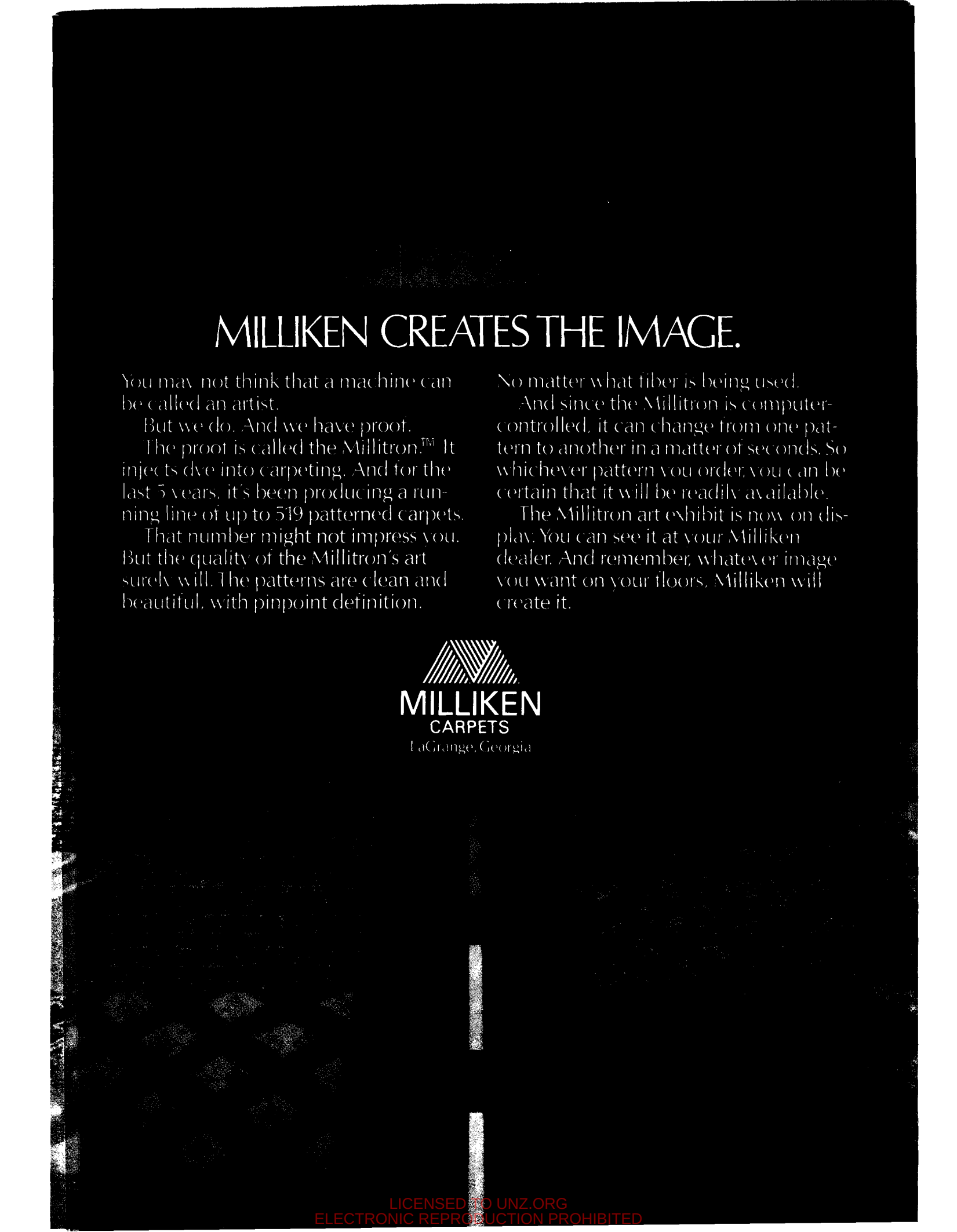

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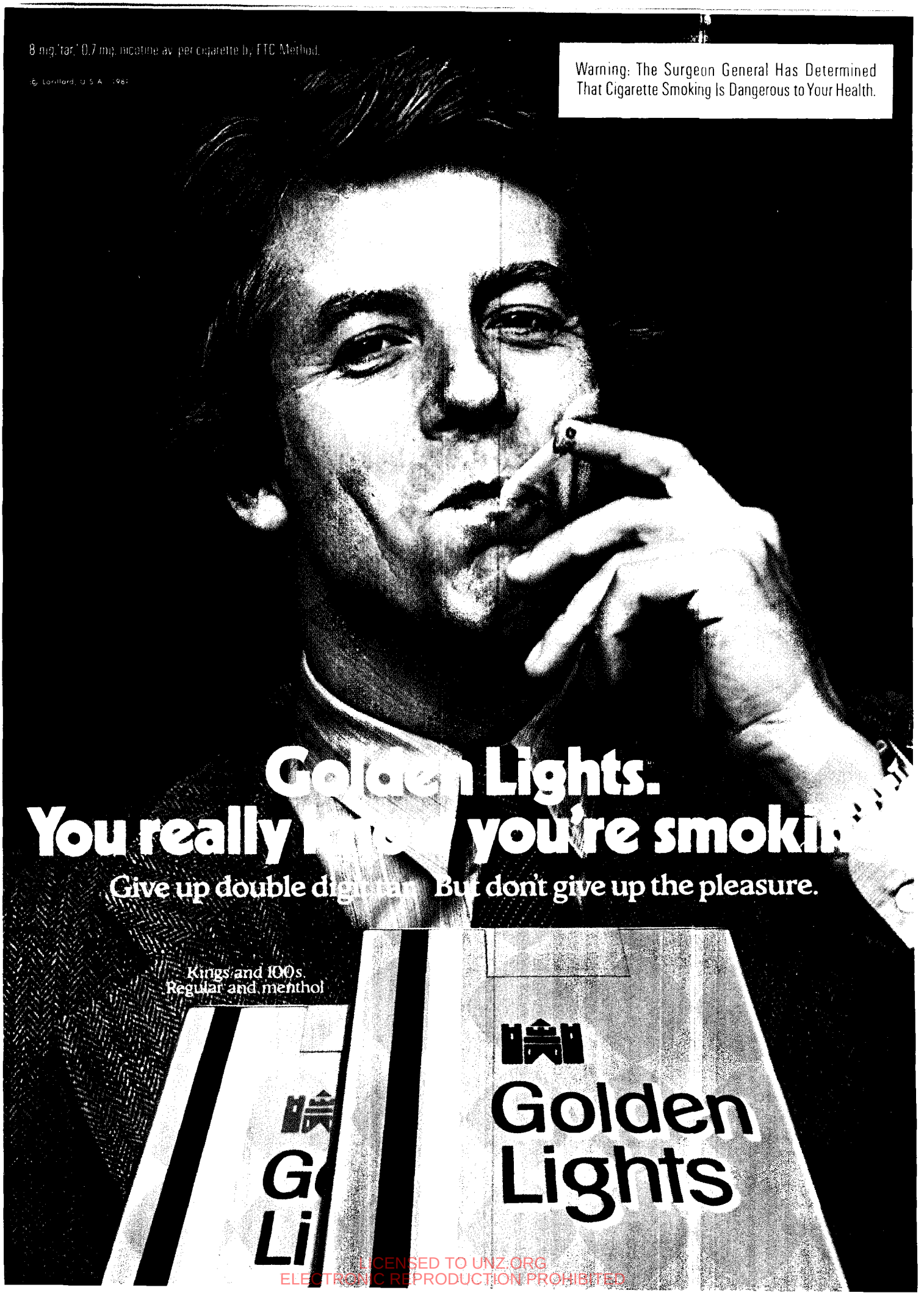
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